

# Sports Illustrated

JULY 30, 1965 35 CENTS

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*The third baseman*



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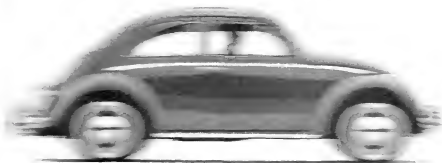
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## Next week

**SUMMER CAMPS**, once synonymous with dutiful, regimented "play," have blossomed as specialized resorts where children can develop abilities while having a wonderful time.

**GOLF FOR SENIORS** is not the same as for younger players. Paul Runyan, the PGA and world senior champion, tells men over 50 how to lower their scores and increase their fun.

**NAT FLEISCHER** is an agronomist, author, editor, bibliographer and general gadfly, but most of all he is, in the jargon of the trade, "Mr. Bowling himself." Gilbert Rogers reports.



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## POINT OF FACT

A tennis quiz to excite the memory  
and increase the knowledge of the  
casual fan and the armchair expert

1. Who is credited with creating the modern  
game of lawn tennis?

• Major Walter Clopton Wingfield, a British  
army officer, introduced the game in 1873 at  
a garden party in Wales. It was originally  
called "tennis-on-the-lawn," and the courts  
were the shape of an hourglass, with nets  
five feet high.

2. Who was responsible for introducing the  
game of tennis to this country?

• Mary Ewing Outerbridge, of Staten Island,  
N. Y., while on a vacation in Bermuda in  
1874, saw the game played and acquired  
tennis balls, rackets and a net to take home  
with her. In the spring of 1874 she received  
permission to play out the first U. S. tennis  
court at the Staten Island Cricket and Base-  
ball Club in St. George, N. Y.

3. Has any doubles team won the four  
major championships (Australian, French,  
English and U. S.) in the same year?

• Yes. In 1951 Frank Sedgman and Ken Mc-  
Gregor of Australia won all four doubles  
titles, the only time it has ever been done.

4. Two successful couples have won the mixed  
doubles titles in the major championships  
eight times. Who are they and what tourna-  
ments did they win?

• Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Hobart won the  
U. S. mixed doubles championship in 1905.  
Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Godfree took the Wim-  
bledon title in 1926. Mr. and Mrs. John H.  
Crawford were the Australian champions  
from 1931 through 1933. The last successful  
married pair were Mr. and Mrs. Harry C.  
Hopman who won the Australian mixed  
doubles title in 1936, 1937 and 1939. Before  
they were married they had taken the 1930  
championship.

5. In 1938 Dorothy Bundy became the first  
American to win the Australian women's  
championship. Her mother was the first Ameri-  
can to win another major singles title. a) Who  
was her mother? b) What championship did  
she win?

• a) Dorothy is the daughter of May Sutton  
and the former American Davis Cup player,  
T. C. Bundy. b) May Sutton in 1905 was the  
first American to win a Wimbledon singles  
title.

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## SCORECARD

RENDER OF IMMORTALS

After Dr. George E. Bennett died at 77 last week a photograph was found in a desk drawer of his Baltimore office. It showed Joe DiMaggio, Tommy Henrich, Charley Keller and Frankie Crosetti in their Yankee uniforms and was inscribed: "To Dr. George, the man who made this picture possible." Most men would have hung it prominently on a wall, but Dr. George was modest.

The inscription was true. DeMaggio was remembering an injury to his elbow. Dr. Bennett removed loose cartilage, caused by Joe's long throws, from the tendons. Henrich and Crosetti had remodeled knees, Keller a repaired ankle. Without the skulls of the famed Johns Hopkins orthopedic surgeon, the careers of all four, and of many others, would have been ended prematurely.

Big league clubs sent their players to Dr. Bennett because he was more than a gifted surgeon. His medical skill was supported by an extraordinary knowledge of baseball (he had played on a semipro team). He knew, for example, that a shortstop's most difficult play is going into the hole to scoop up a drive. When he gets the ball he must pivot on his right leg to make the long throw to first base. So when a shortstop came to him with a bad right knee, Dr. Bennett simply recommended that the shortstop become a third baseman.

Another time it was a pitcher who wrote that he had lost his fast ball. Dr. Bennett had operated on the boy's arm a few months before. "I figured he was favoring it by pushing the ball and not throwing it," Dr. Bennett recalled. He wrote a brief prescription. "Cock your wrist." Two days later a telegram arrived. "It worked," the wire said.

Larry MacPhail believes Dr. Bennett was responsible for the Dodgers' 1941 pennant. Whitlow Wyatt's control went sour, and MacPhail appealed to the doctor. "Build a mound in the bullpen," Dr. Bennett said. MacPhail scoffed but did it anyway. That year Wyatt won 22 games. The doctor believed Wyatt's throwing motion was perfect and had a

movie made of it to show other nitchers.

Not only baseball players but other athletes flocked to Dr. Bennett's office. Eddie Arcaro says the doctor saved his career. Among football players he treated were John Unitas, Ray Berry, George Shaw and Don McIlhenny.

At a testimonial dinner in 1958, athletes he had helped paid tribute to him, some tearfully. Joe Garagiola relieved the tension with a remark: "After listening to that all-star team of players Dr. Bennett has mended," he said, "I'm sorta sorry I didn't break my leg."

### THE BROKEN-BAT BRIGADE

The trend to ultralight fishing tackle is as nothing compared to the burgeoning use of ultralight bats in baseball. More and more players are going to the feather-weight stick under the assumption that a quick, lashing swing will propel a ball farther than the more ponderous movement of the old, massive, thick-handled models, the kind Ty Cobb used.

The trend seems to have peaked in Austin, Texas, where in one game in El Paso this season players on the Austin Senators shattered 17 of these fragile instruments.

## THE BILFISH MASTERS

Most fishing tournaments chill our blood and spoil our supper, especially when the fish are not released and money prizes are offered. But The Saultish Club of Florida (Palm Beach) has been studying an approach to tournaments that just might be truly sporting and now has announced, for next January, "The Invitational Masters Angling Tournament," in which some 50 acknowledged hill-fishing experts will be invited to compete.

Rules for the Masters will be more rigid than those of The International Light Tackle Tournament Association. Only 20-pound test Dacron line, made by one manufacturer in one run expressly for the tournament, will be used. Each angler will have a marker secured to his line 100 yards from the swivel. As long as the marker is off the rod tip the boat may be maneuvered as requested by the

angler, but when the marker moves onto the tip the boat will be dead in the water. Fishing will be for sailfish and marlin with points determined by the length of time required to bring the fish to boat. Though essentially a release tournament, bonus points will be awarded for the three longest fish taken.

As one enthusiastic correspondent of The Sailfish Club observed: "... It seems to be the first tournament in which angling skill will play a much larger part than luck."

## WINKS AND CUBES

The Oxford University Tiddlywinks Society, an honored if not very ancient organization, is about to land on our shores with the purpose of competing against such American tiddlywinks teams as The Can Can Irregulars, a New York club that meets in a pub, and various similarly attuned groups along the Atlantic seaboard from the Lake Tarleton Club at Pike, N.H. down through the Berkshires to Philadelphia.

One purpose of the excursion is to extend to America the international rules that prevail in the British Isles and France but perhaps do not prevail elsewhere. It seems, as a matter of fact, that the



may not even prevail in England, where Oxford permits women to play and Cambridge won't even let women watch.

One of the more prominent Oxonian tiddlywinkers, Mr. P. J. Freeman, has solicited our aid in finding even more challengers than he now has. Any team that feels competent to give Oxford a good tussle at tiddlywinks may address

Mr. Freeman in care of the William Sloane YMCA, 356 West 34 Street, New York, N.Y. "One of our chief endeavors," Mr. Freeman advises, "will be to try to spread interest in tiddlywinks within the United States; rather a big job, perhaps."

Rather bigger than you might think, Mr. Freeman. Some parts of the country are now preoccupied with a new sport, one that may well represent a challenge to tiddlywinks. Just the other day the Phelps brothers of Anderson, Ind., aged 14 and 11, claimed a new world record in the sport. They tossed an ice cube back and forth between them 743 times before it melted. A few days later in Albuquerque, Larry Prawitz, 15, and Phil Vickers, 14, tossed the cube 1,403 times. American rules prevailed.

#### THE INSIDE TRACK

A new golf club, membership limited to 300, is planned on the site of the old Clint Murchison Sr. home in Dallas. Its sponsors hope to lure the National Open and other major tournaments to the area.

• Many college football coaches favor abandoning the Chicago All-Star football game between college players and pros, and a movement is stirring to make it college players versus college players and shift the East-West All-America Bowl game from Buffalo to Chicago in August 1963.

#### FOUR-EYED FILLIES

The secret of what makes horses like Crimson Satan lug in or Sunrise County lug out may lie hidden in some deep recess of the equine mind, but it just might be a simple matter of eyesight. But trainers don't call in eye doctors because trainers don't believe horses can read eye charts. Now they are beginning to discover that an eye doctor can treat even an illiterate horse by giving him refractory tests that show whether he is nearsighted or farsighted or astigmatic.

Dr. Irving J. Peisor of Berwyn, Ill. is treating a couple of horses at Sportsman's Park right now and has prescribed spectacles for them. Both Adios Agnes, a 3-year-old pacer, and Gladys Volo, a 9-year-old trotter, were found to be farsighted and to have astigmatism—both quite common among horses, Dr. Peisor says.

Fitting the lenses has been a bit of a problem. Because the eye of the horse is

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on the side of the head, not in front, each lens must be independently hatched, and Dr. Pensor is still making adjustments in the fittings. The horses, therefore, have not yet raced with their specs on, but when they do the form charts, already overburdened with eye-straining minutiae, will need a new symbol. Something like PL, for "prescription lenses."

#### THE HIGH AND MIGHTY LUCKY

After a free fall of 2,500 feet into Cape Cod's Mystic Lake, near Hyannis, Mass., Lois Ann Frotten, girl sky diver on her first sky dive, escaped last week with a mere bloody nose.

She isn't the only one. In 1949 Master Sergeant James R. Hendrix' parachute failed to open at 1,000 feet. He landed in a plowed field and suffered only the minor shock of having survived. The most remarkable uninvited free fall was that of Flight Sergeant Nicholas Alkemade, who jumped without parachute from a blazing RAF Lancaster bomber in 1944. He was at 18,000 feet when he jumped, and he dropped at a terminal velocity of 170 miles an hour. He crashed through the branches of a pine tree, landed in a snow bank, lighted a cigarette and walked away.

The fact that Lois Ann fell into water does not altogether explain her good fortune. Of the 230 persons who have jumped off San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge, only 246 feet high, just one has survived. And Lois Ann got off lighter than one naval aviator who tumbled 1,200 feet into the Pacific during World War II. He landed at the crest of a steep wave and slid down it so fast the friction burned his bottom.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Archie Moore, on a possible Patterson-Liston rematch: "Somebody is going to get humiliated so bad the public won't stand for another fight."

• Dene Hofheinz, daughter of Roy Hofheinz, chairman of the Houston Colt .45s executive committee: "I've got more runs in my stockings than the Colts have scored."

• Tennessee Coach Bowden Wyatt's definition of the overused football term, "pursuit": "Taking the shortest distance to the ball carrier and arriving in a bad humor."

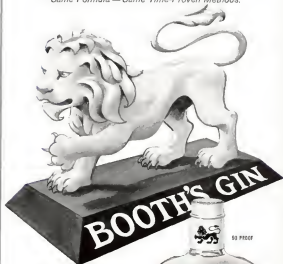
• Casey Stengel, advising one of his Mets' outfielders: "When one of them guys hits a single to you, throw the ball to third. That way we can hold him to a double."

END

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## BOOTH'S <sup>HIGH</sup> & DRY GIN



# WHIRLING SUCCESS FOR THE U.S.

by TEX MAULE

**A world record hammer throw by Harold Connolly offsets a world record high jump by Valeri Brumel as the U.S. men defeat the Soviet Union for the fourth time**

It was a fierce contest of record and counter-record, play and double play, and by the time it ended in the sunny stadium in Palo Alto last week the second largest crowd in U.S. track history had seen the home team once again defeat the Russian men in a mighty duel of mighty powers. The 153,500 spectators who nearly filled the arena through the two-day meet enormously enjoyed the show and, if at first they were minding their manners by applauding Russian and American players alike, they soon became as partisan as Dodger fans at a Giant game. They had reason to cheer. The U.S. men, inspired by Harold Connolly, a huge, spinning dervish, outmuscled and outran the Russians, 128-107, while the Soviet women gained solace for their squad, winning 66-41.

The meet totals were about as expected, but seldom if ever before has so much fancy running, jumping and throwing been backed up by so much equally vigorous thinking. Some of the celebration backfired, but much was audaciously successful. Connolly set the pattern. He had for some time been taking four wind-up whirls before releasing the hammer. For this meet he decided to try three spins instead. He also drew moral support from the crowd. He rarely performs before one, since safety usually requires that the hammer event be held outside of track stadiums. Almost effortlessly he set a new world record. But Russian Coach Gabriel Korobkov was thinking,

too; namely, that Pyotr Bolotnikov, the 32-year-old instructor and Olympic distance runner, was ripe for the 10,000 meters even though he was listed to run in the 5,000. Bolotnikov ran and won them both, using some tricky pacing to help score a most difficult double. A Russian plan failed, however, in the 1,500 meters when the U.S.S.R. men tried to set a fast early pace so that America's Jim Beatty, known for his finishing kick, would be tired at the end. They found out Beatty could keep up and kick too. Ralph Boston won the broad jump over world record holder Igor Ter-Ovanesyan by putting all his effort into an early leap and watching the Russian record holder tie himself into knots trying to equal it—a subtle early-foot strategy that also paid off for Al Oerter in the discus. Otherwise, in the sprints, relays, 400 and 800 meters and shotput the U.S. was overpowering, while in the walk, triple jump, javelin and decathlon the visitors were supreme.

It was left for the brightest of the Red stars, High Jumper Valeri Brumel, to bring off the Russians' best athletic feat and a thinking man's coup as well. On Saturday he learned to say "thank you very much" in English. In case he should lose, he also learned "very well done." The next day he cleared the bar at a world's record 7 feet 5 inches to beat John Thomas. "Very well done," said Thomas.

Replied the thoroughly prepared Brumel: "Thank you very much."

CONTINUED

*Combining a ballerina's grace with the muscles of a weight lifter, Connolly sends the hammer sailing some 231 feet*

Photographs by Neil Leifer

The dual meet often developed into a series of spectacular duels, man against man. Sometimes one was from Russia, the other from America, sometimes both were from the same land. In either case, it was exciting moments such as those shown here that the great crowds at the stadium in Palo Alto had come to see: Ralph Boston producing his best jump of the year to beat Igor Ter-Ovanesyan, who had wrested Boston's world record away; Valeri Brumel, handsome and unbeatable as ever, launching himself with a tremendous kick at the last possible second to jump higher than anyone ever has; Jerry Tarr driving over the high hurdles like a frightened impala to beat Hayes Jones to the tape.

CONTINUED



*Boston is suspended in space (above) on winning jump*



*Brumel spread-eagles his way up to a world record*







*while Tarr (right below) and Hayes Jones run away from Russia's Mikhailov for U.S. sweep in the high hurdles*



If not only was the best track meet of the year, it also was the prettiest. Soviet women athletes have always seemed more attractive than Soviet women clerks or housewives, and now the Americans are catching up in this respect as well as in the events on the field. But it is difficult to be beautiful under the strain of competition, and Elvira Ozolina grimaces with the effort of a record javelin throw; Galina Yevsyukova scowls after finishing second to a teammate in the high jump; Olga Connolly broods over her second-place discus throw. But in action or repose, red or red-white-and-blue, black or white, male or female, no one in Palo Alto could match the incomparable Wilma Rudolph Ward for effortless grace and pose.

*Elvira Ozolina watches javelin sail toward meet record*



*Galina Yevsyukova (above) bounces in high jump pit*



*Wandrous Wilma relaxes after winning two gold medals*



*Olga Cannolly pensively twirls discus*



## THE TROUBLE WITH LEADING AN ARMY



The army was Arnold Palmer's, and it was on the move. Even though Gary Player won the PGA, the story of the event was how the very presence of Palmer is transforming tournament golf **by ALFRED WRIGHT**

Jack Nicklaus, the U.S. Open champion, got up from the breakfast table before the second round of the Professional Golfers' Association Championship last week, sniffed and said, "Well, I'm off to fight Arnie's Army." It was a short, offhand remark, but it summed up what the PGA tournament thoroughly demonstrated: there has been a remarkable change in the character of major U.S. golf events. In spite of the fact that Arnold Palmer was not winning the PGA that morning, and not about to

win it all weekend long, the stage was his, the gallery was his and the tournament was his. Never before had a loser more completely ruled a golf event. It wasn't until three holes from the end late Sunday afternoon that the troops following General Palmer finally began to drift away.

Until that point they had stuck steadily at his side. They were there, several thousand strong at the first tee Sunday, waiting for a last-round miracle, and indeed Palmer raised his hands high and

promised one, "I'm going out and shoot that son of a gun in 62," he said. The faithful believed every syllable of it, and wanted to hear witness. Finally, at the 16th hole, when hardly a Palmer shot was left to watch anyway, they slipped off belatedly to see what other competitors were doing.

It was through this topsy-turvy atmosphere

**MARCH TO DEFEAT** is led by a demoralized Palmer as loyal gallery tails in step behind him.



phere that Gary Player emerged with four fine rounds of 72-67-69-70 to become the fifth foreign winner in the 44-year-history of the PGA Championship. He turned in some highly commendable pressure golf on the closing two holes after runner-up Bob Goalby had cut his lead to a single stroke with birdies on the 14th and 16th. Then Gary sank an unnerving little putt on the 18th, to win, and stepped away grim and numb, as if he had just heard some bad news. It was a vital moment for Player's morale, for he hadn't won a tournament in more than 15 months; he had blown leads in two big ones recently. He had done so badly in the British Open that he didn't even qualify for the last two rounds. Short putts had been a large part of his problem. When he solved it, the PGA had a likable new champion. Yet it also had come up with a dull tournament.

The fact that Palmer's presence dominated the event in spite of his indifferent play may explain why this year's PGA never generated the kind of overall excitement that should go with the third biggest tournament on the professional calendar. "Maybe it's the weather," someone said. Others blamed the fact that, after 29 consecutive weeks of tournaments since the tour started in Los Angeles on January 5, some of the players were overgolfed. Another big tournament, this one in the mid-summer heat of Philadelphia, seemed to be one too many. But the Palmer phenomenon was really at fault.

#### Nobody but Arnie

Seldom has any sport, and particularly this one—ever turned into the one-man show that golf has now become. Little and sometimes tart Jerry Barber, the PGA defending champion, summed it up before a shot was hit at Aronimink

Golf Club, the long, tree-lined course near Philadelphia that played host to the PGA: "They don't know anybody's here but Palmer." And by *thru* Barber meant everybody: the gallery, reporters, photographers, officials and, surprisingly, the players themselves. Even hook-makers were dazzled. They quoted the absurdly low odds of 2 to 1 against Palmer to win the PGA, one of the biggest underlays in the history of the friendly wager. (The pro-Palmer bettor put up \$1 on the chance of winning only \$2.) The more cold-blooded Turf and Sports club in Las Vegas, where the volume of golf betting now ranks with that of boxing, listed Palmer at a far more realistic 9 to 2.

When Arnold reached Aronimink, fresh from his lopsided victory in the British Open the previous week, crowds surrounded his car. Once he was through that phalanx of autograph seekers and idolaters, he had to breach a battalion



STILL A CONTENDER. THE MAN WHO MADE THE "PALMER CHARGE" FAMOUS LETS HIS CLUB FALL AWAY AS A LONG PUTT DROPS

**REFLECTED AGONY** consumes Winnie Palmer as she watches Arnold sink out of contention.

of tournament officials who wanted to do everything within human capabilities to make his visit a happy one. For the rest of the week he was tortured with kindness.

The simple act of putting on his spikes and playing a round of tournament golf has evolved into a major project for Palmer, one that is as complicated and hectic as the mounting of a military siege. And, in turn, the tournaments he plays have a strange, unreal quality—half joyous dream, half nightmare—that is unlike anything else in golf.

Matters were made even worse at Aronimink when Palmer was paired with Nicklaus in the two opening rounds. This was the third U.S. event in five weeks in which this had happened. Since his victory in the U.S. Open, Nicklaus has been the biggest attraction on the course except for Palmer, and when the two play together only relatives and robbers bother to watch any of the other matches on the course. PGA officials insist that the pairings are drawn out of a hat, but perhaps only two names are put in the hat. At any rate, it cannot be denied that a Palmer-Nicklaus pairing is the best possible stimulation for the box office.

While Palmer and Nicklaus were playing together on Thursday and Friday, the gallery with them was, naturally, enormous. Virtually every other group, including a threesome of Sam Snead, Gary Player and Phil Rodgers, was contesting in privacy. Marshals, scorers and other tournament officials in their green-and-white uniforms, to say nothing of the corps of journalists, traipsed down the fairways by the dozens in the Palmer-Nicklaus wake. Without periscopes, which sold at \$1 apiece, it was impossible to get more than an occasional glimpse of the players.

It was strictly a Palmeri crowd, the fabled army. "Go Arnie," said a sign on the hat of one spectator. "Go Arnie," were the shouts every time it looked like he might get moving. Each time Palmer putted out his gallery would break ranks in disorder and race for the next hole, not waiting or caring that Nicklaus or the other man in the threesome, Dave Marr, still had putts to make. The ground could have swallowed up Open Champion Nicklaus, and nobody would have known he was gone.

Friday morning at breakfast Nicklaus

continued



was asked if it wouldn't have been better to have had him and Palmer in separate threesomes so the gallery would be split up. "That wouldn't help," said Nicklaus. "There would still be 10,000 people following Palmer and about 10 people following me."

"It's like a stampede," said Don Fairfield, who played just ahead of Palmer on the first two rounds, and was too close to the gallery for comfort. "They run wild. It's upsetting to hear those feet pounding and the people yelling."

"There are no lagers in that mob," said old John Barnum, who shot a first-day 66 while playing just behind Palmer. "It's nice and quiet, like a vacuum, behind that man."

#### Cracks in his calmness

But the strain of being a general was beginning to show on Palmer, too. On one occasion, when the gallery began moving as Nicklaus was about to putt, Palmer said loudly, "We have another man here." The same thing happened on the next hole. "Aw, please!" exclaimed Palmer. Nicklaus, incidentally, missed both those short putts. Also, there were signs that Palmer's irritation threshold, always so unbelievably high, was descending a bit toward human proportions. His radiant bursts of personality came less frequently, and he was more impatient with the things that usually upset everybody but himself—noise from a TV crew, an airplane, a camera, a rustling bit of paper.

On Thursday at the sixth hole a photographer nudged him and said, "Would you move over a little, buddy, so I can take a picture of Nicklaus?" Palmer seethed. At the 12th hole on Friday a television technician on a nearby tower dropped a piece of metal that crashed down like a bomb as Palmer addressed an approach shot. Palmer stepped back, addressed the ball again, and down came another piece of metal. Palmer didn't smile, as once he might have. Then he hit the shot over the green.

The marshals bothered him, too. So many of them were trying to keep order that Palmer sometimes looked like the leader of a Saint Patrick's Day parade. At times the course almost needed marshals to marshal the marshals. And they didn't hesitate to chat with Arnold. The Palmer disposition was finally ruffled enough for him to say, "Naturally, I'm happy that so many people want to see

me play. But there were times this week when I had to talk to 200 sponsors between shots."

"I don't think it's ever been this bad," his wife Winnie said one morning just before starting out on a round with her husband. Winnie, who stands only five feet three in the golf shoes she wears while walking with Arnold, scarcely gets more than a glimpse of her husband through the mass of humanity as he strides down the fairway.

But Winnie doesn't complain about the crush as she walks unobtrusively among the gallery, usually in company with one of the other wives. "I don't get very close and I miss a lot of the big putts, but I'm always around," she says. "I stay behind him or in front of him, but not with him." A notable exception to this policy came at the British Open, where the enthusiastically stampeding Glaswegians were a threat to life and limb, and Winnie occasionally exercised her privilege of walking down the fairways behind the players.

By listening carefully to Winnie, it was possible to get another view of the Palmer phenomenon. "Honestly," she said, in the midst of a round, "I don't see how Arn can get through the week. Everyone wants something from him. They want him to visit an air base or fly with him in their jet or be on a broadcast or try out a car. They want to crowd around him or they want to look after him and keep him from the crowds. But more than that, after all the excitement and emotion of last week, it's just awfully hard for him to get worked up for this tournament. You've got to let down after something like the British Open."

There cannot be the slightest doubt that Palmer's inability to charge himself up to a championship patch for the second week in a row had its effect on the atmosphere of the PGA. He played what for him was mediocre golf, missing the fairways with his drives almost as often as he was hitting them, failing to show his customary authority as he played his shots to the greens, and not sinking the putts with which he so often has sent the galleries into a delirium.

For his own part, however, Palmer refused to make alibis. After finishing his second round with a respectable two-over-par 72, which left him in a tie for 11th, he was considerate enough to submit to an interrogation in the press tent—a ritual that is usually reserved for the day's hottest golfers. First, he confirmed what was obvious to anyone who

**HERO AT BAY**, Palmer peers over the heads of the army that he cannot always command, between shots.

noticed that the normal resilience was absent from his spine and legs as he toured the 18 holes: "I just didn't have it today. You expect to play bad rounds of golf, and the main thing is to get out of them without too much damage. I was lucky today to score as well as I did. Believe me, I was glad to settle for a 72, and it could have been a lot worse." What had truly saved Palmer's score that day was an electrifying eagle 3 on the long, par-5 16th hole. He reached the green in two with a couple of long woods and then sank a 25-foot putt that sent his army into an explosion of applause. As far as the gallery was concerned, the day was a success.

When his name was finally taken off the leaders' scoreboard on Saturday, Arnie's loyalists felt somehow cheated, even though the Palmer name had been left up there when many unlisted golfers were well ahead of him.

The PGA Championship proved beyond argument that, as Arnold Palmer goes, so goes the golf tournament. The gallery turns out to see him win, the sponsors and officials think of him first and the other golfers have him as much on their minds as if he were their putter. After finishing with a second-round 72 on Friday that kept him among the tournament leaders, Bob Goulby was heard to mutter, "I wonder what's with the hotshots"—meaning, of course, Palmer and Nicklaus.

In the dining room Dave Ragan was discussing the problems of the pro tour with a few newspapermen, suggesting that it might be a good idea to cut down on the number of tournaments. "Now let's see," he said. "How many tournaments did Palmer play in last year?"

Mike Souchak's wife, Nancy, while following her husband around, reached the inevitable subject. "Mike says Arnold really deserves everything he's got, He's behaved so well and worked so hard and remained so modest."

And finally Vivienne Player, Gary's wife, said to a reporter, while trailing her husband around the course: "Did you see Arnie play those last two rounds at the British Open? It must have been a wonderful experience."

She was talking about Arnold Palmer, even while her husband was winning the PGA Championship. But why not? So was everybody else at Aronimink Golf Club last week.

END







by CARLETON MITCHELL

## **TIME OF TRIAL FOR FOUR TALL SLOOPS**

There were some spectacular triumphs—and snafus—in the first round of tests to pick a defender for the America's Cup, but the subtle moves that add up to a selection were noticed only by nine solemn men in blue



IN QUEL WITH 'COLUMBIA,' CREW OF 'NEFERITTI' (LEFT) GOT SPINNAKER INTO HEROIC TANGLE, THEN LET SAIL SLIDE OVERBOARD

**F**or two weeks this July, at about 10 o'clock each morning, a vessel flying the oversized flags of the New York Yacht Club and its race committee dropped her mooring off Newport and headed to sea, past the clipped green lawns, past Castle Hill, past the striped fishermen on the rocks, to a rendezvous at Brenton Reef lightship. Each day in her wake trailed a handsome fleet, yachts large and small, power and sail, to await the hoisting of signals that would set the course for the day's racing.

The seagoing paraders were there to watch four tall, 12-meter yachts—*Columbia*, *Weatherly*, *Enterprise* and *Nefer-*

*ni*—compete for the honor of being named the 18th defender of America's Cup. In pairs they raced while the floating grandstand followed, and each night Newport's pubs and clubs filled with discussions by intense and knowing fans, using terms like spinnaker jibe and inside berth at the mark.

Yet their knowledge and their interest were mild compared to that of a number of blue-jacketed gentlemen on the decks of two inconspicuous vessels. They were constantly peering through binoculars, glancing at stopwatches, conferring, jotting notes. There was no slow tack, no buoy overstood, no helmsman's error

that was not duly observed and recorded against the day of judgment when the defender will be chosen. For the point of the whole show was to permit observation by these gentlemen, the selection committee, whose duty it is to make certain that the American yacht with the best chance of defeating the Australian challenger *Gretel* is the one that comes to the starting line September 15.

In its duties, members of the nine-man committee are only slightly less solemn about the defense of the cup than those leaders concerned with the defense of our country, and they are considerably less talkative. Nobody really knows what

*continued*

goes on in midships huddles during the races, or what is discussed in formal sessions afterwards. Yet it is no secret that far more is considered than the mathematical percentage of wins versus losses, as disclosed by a frequent question among the more knowledgeable of the fleet spectators. "How do you think so and so looked to the committee?"

Overall, the committee got an uncommonly clear look for such an early stage in the trials. During the 13-day period, in which 22 races were held, the weather pattern was good. There were no drifting matches when time limits expired, and only one event was postponed by fog. Twice the wind piped to a sustained velocity of some 18 knots, and one day was a real snorter, exceeding anything encountered during the entire '58 season.

Before the trials started the greatest question was *Nefertiti* (SI, June 11). There were those who had viewed Sailmaker Ted Hood's first attempt at meter-boat design with misgivings, speaking learnedly about frontal resistance and wetted surface, but the most succinct doubt was reportedly expressed by a

respected naval architect when he viewed *Nefertiti* hauled out on the eve of festivities. He laughed.

But nobody even snickered after the portly maiden celebrated her debut July 2 by defeating *Columbus*, the 1958 cup champion, and went on next day to beat *Easterime*. By these victories she established herself as fast in light to moderate air, when many had believed she would be at her worst. She was less efficient to windward than anticipated, definitely lolly before the wind, but a demon reaching.

Meanwhile, on the same two days, Henry Mercet's *Weatherly* was matched against the same two adversaries in reverse order, and defeated them both. It was clear that changes in the light blue sloop had been for the better. How much was due to a heavier keel and how much to Bus Mosbacher at the helm would be impossible to say, but *Weatherly* quickly demonstrated that this year she is able to go upwind as well as down.

The two undefeated boats met for the first time July 4. Before her mooring was dropped a *Weatherly* crew member muttered, "Today, it's man against the beast." Bus Mosbacher against the

powerful hull and monster headsails of *Nefertiti*. Mosbacher went ahead at the starting cannon and quickly tamed the beast. Under his hand *Weatherly* simply sailed faster, her superiority greatest on the second windward leg, when *Nefertiti* surprised and disappointed her supporters by seeming to lay over and get nowhere, ending up five minutes 43 seconds astern. Still the Anderson group was not in the least dismayed. "Wrong job," said Don McNamara, Ted Hood's co-helmsman. "We're learning. It'll be different next time."

*Weatherly* went on to another victory the following day in her second match against *Easterime*, making her score four straight. But then in the next three she came apart: brand-new gear gave out, winches identical to those on the other boats failed, and the crew fumbled at crucial moments.

Monday brought rain and 30-knot squalls, which lashed the gray water into savage seas. *Easterime*, sailed for the first time throughout a race by designer Ray Hunt, defeated *Weatherly*. She relished the wet windward work, showing power not matched by any rival. For *Columbus*, the heavy-weather slugger of '58, the

SCRAMBLING UP WINDWARD SHROUDS, MEMBER OF 'WEATHERLY'S' FOREDECK GANG CLEARS LINE DURING A SAIL CHANGE



ally brought disaster. Leading *Nefertiti*, almost immediately after the start, her mast snapped at a weld, leaving her helpless. Two crewmen went overboard, one being relieved by the team of Australian observers following close astern, and only the fact that he had just moved to the edge of the cockpit to take a bearing kept Navigator Olin Stephens from being under the guillotine of the boom.

*Columbus* was back in action Thursday. But the week really was distinguished by *Nefertiti* and *Weatherly* continuing to pile up victories. When they finally met again on Saturday, a win by *Weatherly* would mean a 3-1 edge over her strongest rival. Conversely, a victory by the Hood boat would give *Nefertiti* the most impressive record since the J-class defender, *Ranger*.

Mosbacher got the best of the start in a breeze of some 12 knots, but both came to the windward mark together. *Nefertiti* inside on the turn. Downwind, the two ran for a long time as though pulled by the same string, until finally *Weatherly* opened out a few lengths. Helmsman Hood hided his time. About a mile from the leeward mark came *Nefertiti*'s move, sharpening up to blanket *Weatherly*. There was a series of maneuvers, married somewhat by faulty sail handling aboard both boats, culminating in two rips in *Weatherly*'s spinnakers, but she managed to lead at the mark.

The wind had now freshened to 18 knots. Earlier *Nefertiti* had failed to show power in such conditions. Not this time. Hood luffed at the buoy to clear his wind, but when *Weatherly* covered he merely drove off, then proceeded to work out to windward. About halfway through the leg Mosbacher in desperation assisted one of his famous tacking duels, but it failed to gain. Later, nearer the Narragansett shore in smooth water, he tried again, and this time narrowed the gap until the port coffee grinder winch failed. From then on, tactically unimpaired, *Nefertiti* sailed away to cross the finish line nearly a minute ahead, a deserved and impressive victory. Her final win-loss total for the trials was 10-2, while *Weatherly* finished the series 7-4. *Columbus* was 4-5, and *Easterner* had only a single triumph in 11 starts.

On any basis, *Nefertiti*'s overall performance was impressive. A brand-new boat, with an untuned crew and—odds enough—a skimp sail inventory, she still managed to win. True, on at least three occasions she was presented with



DARING CREWMAN STRUGGLES WITH POLE AS 'EASTERNE' TRAILS 'NEFERTITI'

victories by rival helmsmen, who had allowed her to sail divergent courses, and she won another race through *Columbus*'s breakdown. But there is no gain-saying that as a new boat she has the greatest potential for improvement, and is already mighty hard to stay ahead of around a course. Perhaps more of this may be attributed to Hood's and McNamara's smart cockpit work than is generally realized, while the muscle trust amidships and forward has contributed by handling the giant genoa and spinnakers with only a few lapses, one of which is shown on page 22.

*Weatherly* performed like a new heat. She was plagued by mishaps, most of which should not have happened to a vessel so meticulously maintained, yet her crew was impressive in recovering from sheer disastrousness when a jib halyard failed—and she still won. Bus Mosbacher remains the master tactician and helmsman of the 12s, with an uncanny knack of working to windward. In average conditions—winds of 15 knots or less—no other boat seemed quite as fast on all points of sailing. Before Saturday, she had even seemed stiff to windward in heavier air. Perhaps getting caught with a light mainsail that went out of shape was the reason for her apparent lack of power, an impression she will have an opportunity to rectify in later trials.

It is the former champion *Columbus*, that is hardest to evaluate. She may have had the best crew work of the quartet, yet she lost races seemingly won. Nobody

feels the modification of her keel hurt her speed, and her sails are as beautiful as ever. The difference must be an improvement by her competitors, or less efficient helmsmanship, and is probably some of both. Young Gilt Shields is under tremendous pressures, and as the youngest skipper perhaps needs time to adjust to big-boat competition. By the August trials he may have found his touch, returning *Columbus* to her old status as the boat to beat.

*Easterner* remains the enigma she has always been, showing flashes of speed, but never becoming a winner. Steadily, toward the end of the series, she was reducing the margin by which she was defeated, she lost a couple of heartbreakers that might well have been victories. With new sails now on order and all hands more familiar with the boat, she could show a great improvement in moderate conditions, and is already acknowledged the best in heavy going.

The four boats will meet again for the final trials beginning August 15. While the boats tack and counter tack, the cup committee will be watching, binoculars poised and stopwatches clicking. And behind the solemn countenances will be a wall of spectator craft whose passengers are crowding into Newport this summer not only for the races but, as reported on page 38, for pub crawling, celebrity hunting and the general pleasure of being around this dowager queen of U.S. resort towns in her busiest season.

END

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEIFER

# DANGER AT THE CORNER

CROUCHING PERILOUSLY CLOSE TO THE BATTER, THE THIRO BASEMAN MUST COPE WITH A VARIETY OF TOUGH CHANCES—SWINGING BUNTS (SEE COVER), FOUL POPS NEAR THE OUGOUT, SMASHES TO BOTH SIDES. BUT THE TOUGHEST IS OFTEN THE LINER STRAIGHT AT HIM, AT 100 MILES AN HOUR


DRIGLES' BROOKS ROBINSON











THE THIRD BASEMAN LIVES  
BY REACTION RATHER THAN  
SPEED. HE SELDOM HAS TO  
MOVE FARTHER THAN 10 FEET,  
BUT ON THE HARD-BOUNCING  
BALL TO HIS LEFT OR THE VI-  
CIOUS DRIVE PAST HIS HEAD  
HE MUST MOVE LIKE A SNAKE

GRAVES: 1988; MATHEWS

DODGERS ANDY CART



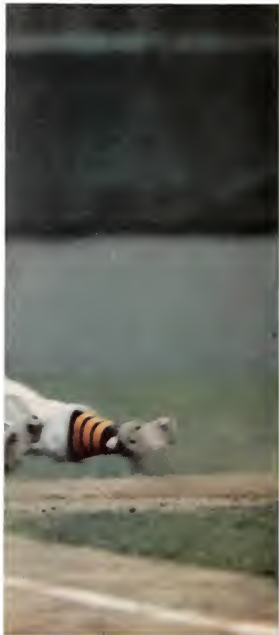




ANY BALL WITHIN REACH IS THE SWASHBUCKLING THIRD BASEMAN'S. IF HIS DIVING LUNGE TO THE LEFT IS IN TIME, THE SHORT-STOP IS SPARED THE BACKHAND STOP DEEP IN THE HOLE AND THE LONG, LONG THROW. EVEN FROM HIS KNEES, THE THIRD BASEMAN CAN THROW OUT THE RUNNER

YANKEES CLETIS BOYER





THE BALL IS PULLED SHARPLY DOWN THE LINE, AN APPARENT DOUBLE. BUT THE THIRD BASEMAN DIVES TO HIS RIGHT AND KNOCKS IT DOWN. IF HE SCRAMBLES UP IN TIME HE MAY STILL MAKE THE PUT-OUT. IF NOT, HE HAS AT LEAST HELD THE BATTER TO A SINGLE, OR CUT OFF A RUN

PIRATES' DON HONK



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In the last days of his career, Randy Sandy, a boxer for 13 years, epitomizes the plight of the better-than-average fighter. His history is a bittersweet description of a once flourishing profession that is now declining in practitioners and rewards by GERALD ASTOR

## THE EVERYMAN OF BOXING

Randolph Sandy is a neatly groomed, mustachioed six-footer whose suits, sportswear and haberdashery bear a quiet distinction. He often carries a tan attaché case, giving the impression that he is taking paper work home to his six-rooms brick house in The Bronx. In the dining room Sandy says grace over a comfortable meal with his wife Ruth, his mother and his two young sons. After dinner he plays with 2-year-old Eric, whom he calls Big Shot, or cuddles 10-month-old Mark. When the children have gone to bed, Sandy, Ruth and his mother watch television in the living room, where, among some silver trophies, stands a placard reading "Christ Died For All Our Sins."

Sandy suggests a young white-collar worker immersed in the struggle that sociologists call upward mobility. But Randolph Sandy is a boxer; his tan attaché case contains clean towels, a T shirt and wrappings for his hands. His place of business is a Manhattan gym. Sandy is not one of the eight reigning champions, nor is he even one of the three or four top contenders in any class, the fighters who might be expected to get big money when they fight. At his best not long ago, when he was fighting the likes of Rory Colboan, Joey Garadello, Spider Webb, Dick Tiger and Emile Graffith, he lit up boxing with a Roman candle flash of potential. Now he qualifies merely as an "average" fighter.

Randy Sandy's importance at the moment is not as a fighter but as a symbol of the predicament of the journeyman performer in the present chaotic condition of boxing. An economic system isn't judged by its millionaires but by the well-

being of the majority of its citizens. Boxing is not Floyd Patterson, it is Randy Sandy.

As a professional fighter, he belongs to a small and rapidly declining group, like blacksmiths and railroad firemen. Not more than 1,500 worked at Sandy's profession last year. *The Ring Record Book* listed 1,100 U.S. fighters, and these fought in some 5,000 fights, but since they were often meeting one another, there were only 2,500-odd bouts. But even these figures are misleading insofar as they suggest the earnings of average fighters, for few of them fought often enough to provide a livelihood even if they won. The middleweight category, in which Randy Sandy belongs, has been severely depleted; only 200 middleweights are currently listed for the U.S.

Randy Sandy reached his uncertain position in this hazardous business as a result of native skills and the lack of opportunities. His father died when he was 8 years old, leaving his mother to bring up seven children. In Harlem he ran, jumped, climbed and threw better than his contemporaries and became a top athlete at the local Police Athletic League center. He took up boxing as just one more sport available to him in the Police Athletic League. Simultaneously, school seemed to offer little prospect of advancement. " 'Randolph, you are going to grow up to be a bum,' my third-grade teacher told me," Sandy says. "I had an older sister told me the same thing. I thought they could tell right out what would happen to me, and I figured I'd be wasting my time working in school."

He flourished in local amateur events organized by the PAL, the Golden

Gloves and the AAU. In 1948, when Sandy was 17, he came to the notice of Syd Martin, a trainer who is a gentle soul troubled by man's inhumanity to man. ("Personal relationships is gone to hell these days," says Martin. "Say hello to a guy and he don't even answer.") Martin became something of a father to Sandy as well as his fistic tutor and shortened his name to Randy in search of a catchy name for the box office.

Under Martin's teaching, Sandy progressed so rapidly that he was national AAU welterweight champion in 1951. He reached his peak as an amateur that year, when he toured Europe with an AAU team. Exhibiting a photograph of the 1951 Golden Gloves team, Sandy points out a small, almost frightened-looking boy named Floyd Patterson.

After the AAU tour, Sandy turned professional to support his family. "Oh, I liked the idea of being a big shot in the neighborhood well enough," he says, "people asking me who I was going to fight. But before long I got tired of this. They asked me foolish questions."

On November 2, 1951 Randy Sandy entered the ring at St. Nicholas Arena to fight somebody named Charley Douglas in a six-rounder. Sandy knocked him out in the fifth. Three weeks later Sandy beat Jackie Cummerlander, a welterweight who had won his first four fights. From there on, Sandy's career ran right on the schedule of the typical TV-age promising fighter. He won six more in a row. Late in 1952 he met Willie Trey, a rugged middleweight with 15 straight victories. Trey made it 16 straight victories with a TKO and handed Sandy his first pro defeat.

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Sandy bounced back fast, winning five in a row and drawing another. Then up popped Troy again. This time, in Washington, Sandy was knocked out in the seventh. Still, his career looked bright—at least economically. He had become a main-event fighter on television. He fought often enough to make a \$7,500 down payment on a house in The Bronx. "I always told you I was going to buy you a house when I was a little boy," he said to his mother. The annual charity fund-raising event at P.S. 68, where his third-grade teacher had told him he was going to be a bum, was now designated Randy Sandy Night. It was attended by politicians of varying prominence, up to the borough president of Manhattan.

Sandy's manager was Hymie Wallman, a former with a longtime interest in fighters and a man who knew all the wrong people in the right places to control boxing in 1951. At the start of Sandy's professional career, Wallman departed from the usual practice, under which a manager supports a fighter until his earnings begin, and allowed the welfare department of New York to take care of the Sandy family while his boy was coming along. Sandy soon reached a bracket where his purse should have been about \$5,000 a fight, but somehow, when Wallman finished paying expenses and taking his own cut, Sandy's share often came to less than \$1,000. The fighter complained: "I told him I wouldn't fight for less than \$1,000 a fight, at least \$100 a round. We didn't have no contract anymore, and Hymie agreed to give me \$1,000. I never cared how much he was getting as long as I got at least my \$1,000."

Syd Martin encouraged Sandy to invest in real estate. He said, "You put your money away and buy that house." (Like Chestnut was in the same situation as Sandy. He bought himself a Cadillac. He doesn't have the Cadillac any more, but Sandy still has his house.) A month before the Sandy family actually moved into the new house, he went into the Army for a two-year hitch.

After his discharge in 1956 he resumed his professional career with a fight in Houston against Alfonso Flores. Sandy won on a knockout in three rounds. Then he ran into Herman Calhoun, better known as Roy, at St. Nick's. Calhoun was undefeated in 20 fights. In the first minute of the first round Sandy missed a left, stepped back, and Cal-



HIS CAREER AS A FIGHTER ALL BUT OVER, RANDY SANDY PONDERES THE FUTURE

houn's right caught him on the point of his chin. He went down but was up at the count of three. He took the mandatory eight count in a neutral corner but went down again under a flurry of body blows followed by a right uppercut. A right to the body sprawled him on the ropes, and this third knockdown in one round added up to an automatic TKO under New York State boxing rules.

Sandy rallied for five successive wins. With a modest stake from these fights, he married Ruth Middleton and set up housekeeping. But his relationship with Hymie Wallman had deteriorated to the point where Sandy had become a fighting gypsy, meeting opponents in Houston, Las Vegas, Syracuse, Chicago, Boston,

Hamilton, Ont. and other points far from home. In the familiar pattern of the promising fighter, the troubles with the manager now became melodramatic. In 1958 Wallman conferred to distributing \$100 bills and other gratuities to a New York boxing judge. Hymie lost his managerial prerogatives.

Now Sandy found it almost impossible to get fights in New York. He traveled through Europe, where he was the victim of an astounding number of peculiar decisions. Despondent, he came back to the States, and found boxing in the doldrums. St. Nick's was closed, and fights were held on off nights at the Academy of Music on 14th Street, a cavernous, 3,525-seat movie palace, where



the ring was placed on the stage and a spectator at ringside had the illusion of having blundered into a dress rehearsal. Beyond the ropes and the canvas, the fighters faced the shadowy, half-empty orchestra pit; above them were gold-trimmed balconies as ornate as the Golden Horseshoe at the Metropolitan Opera House. Fighters at the Academy of Music were paid in part with tickets which they were expected to sell to friends, neighbors and small shopkeepers. There were only 1,430 fans scattered about under the lofty crystal chandeliers when Sandy met Emile Griffith. Griffith had a record of 13 straight victories, and Sandy had lost 11 of his last 15 fights. "He was always in the adverse psychological position of fighting in the other guy's backyard," said Syd Martin, explaining the losses. Sandy demonstrated flashes of brilliance, took a split decision from Griffith and set back Griffith's progress toward the welterweight championship.

But the boxing environment was closing in steadily. When Sandy fought Henry Hank in Detroit in October 1960, Wallman persuaded him to take 25% of the gate instead of his usual \$1,000 guarantee. Sandy lost a close fight. He received \$250 and terminated his association with Wallman completely. Acting as his own manager, he arranged a sequence of fights, the last of which was with George Wright in Tacoma, Wash., where he dropped a close decision in January of 1962. He received \$500 and expenses and hasn't fought since.

In spite of all these reversals and the downward drift of the recent past, Sandy retains a spark of the optimism that is a prerequisite to a boxing career. He has a new manager, George Sheppard. He keeps in condition. Four or five times a week he sets the alarm clock for pre-dawn and takes a seven-mile run along Pelham Parkway. After running, he goes back to bed and tries to sleep. By this time Ruth is out of bed, has done the laundry and made breakfast for the children before leaving for her job as a bookkeeper. Later in the morning Sandy watches television, "I like some of those stories that run from day to day," he says. In the afternoon he takes the subway to the CVO gym. After the workout he goes to another gym where he is training two fighters for another manager. It is on these trips that Sandy carries his tan attaché case. "I won't carry a canvas bag like some fighters," Sandy says. "I won't carry my gloves in my hand if they don't fit in the case. I'd

rather make two trips to the gym than do that, because I don't want somebody to say, look, there goes a pugilist. I want to be known for myself."

Ruth looks at Sandy's boxing future with understandable lack of enthusiasm. "It's been going on so long," she says. "I don't care about it anymore." Syd Martin says that Randy can fight for another three or four years. What he can do in addition to fighting is perplexing. He studied to be an electrician at Chelsea Vocational High School, but he hasn't a license to practice and has no prospect of obtaining one. Few employers want to hire a man who is going to absent himself periodically to train for fights. Last fall he earned some walking-around money as an extra in David Susskind's film production, *Requiem for a Heavyweight*. The plot of the film, burdened with melodramatic claptrap, turned on the tragedy of a first-rate fighter, Mountain Rivera, who is revolted by the need to take part in the farce known as wrestling in order to make a living. The film tragedy of Rivera, however, didn't impress Randy Sandy. "Wrestle?" he said. "Why not? I've known for a long time that fighting is a business, and I'm fighting to make money. Wrestling is also a way to make money."

#### A man of pride

While Sandy is willing to work as a film extra or even a wrestler, he retains pride in himself as a fighter. When somebody asked if he hadn't picked up a few dollars once as a sparring partner for Giulio Rinaldi, Sandy firmly replied, "I was not a sparring partner. They asked me to work with the man and I did. I did not get paid like a sparring partner—they gave me a gift—and I worked when I felt like it."

Sandy's stubbornly proud attitude and his grimly hopeful outlook are characteristic of professional fighters in this period when boxing revenues—aside from the big heavyweight matches—are down to about half of what they were at the start of his career. Among the 1,100 U.S. boxers listed in current ring records there are the same familiar, eager beginners with the same sort of promising record that Sandy made when he started back in 1951 and 1952: people like Mike Pusateri of Brockton, Mass., who had 14 fights last year and won them all by knockout, six in the first round, six in the second, two in the third; or Tod Herring of Houston, who won seven last year, to make his total victories

in three years add up to 18, but who was also knocked out for the first defeat of his professional career. And then, too, some of Randy Sandy's contemporaries are still carrying on, Vince Bonomo, a Florida middleweight, had 16 fights and won 10 of them. The Mexican welterweight, Gaspar Ortega, seems to have been the busiest boxer of the year, fighting 16 times, winning 13 of his bouts and defeating the late Benny Paret, among others, but losing to Emile Griffith in a try for the title.

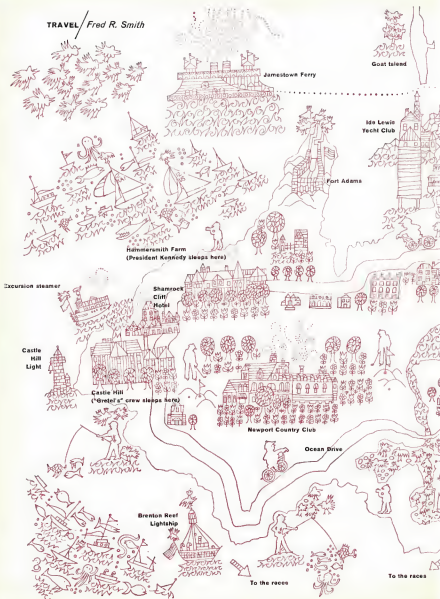
Randy Sandy's life is now on the edge of this turbulent side of the fighting business. A boxing friend told him he wanted to fight just one more year and make a stake. "I tell him, 'Don't decide like that,'" Sandy says. "If you gettin' beat bad, quit right away." He took a bad wallop on his next fight and retired. I'm glad, because he was getting unstable." Unstable is Sandy's word for a fighter suffering from too many thumps on the head.

Sandy, still unready to end his own career, leads a life of moderation. He eats two careful meals a day, simple, high-protein foods but no fish or tea. A non-smoker, he indulges in an occasional glass of Cherry Heering, a taste acquired during his European travels. Syd Martin says, "If I see he isn't getting anywhere I'll tell him to hang up his gloves." Sandy says, "I still think I can make it as a fighter. I feel that while I matured early mentally, because I had to support my family, I matured late physically, and I'm still able. But I've got to start to support my family. Ruth's been carrying us, and this can drive a man crazy."

Once when Sandy was thinking of quitting, he met Joe Brown, then the world lightweight champion, an ex-carpenter from Baton Rouge. Brown had been fighting for 11 years—86 fights in all—before he won the championship. "He told me he had been knocking around just like me," Sandy said, "and suddenly he got his chance and he became champion. I've been fighting for 13 years, and to start doing something different is very hard for me."

"Boxing is a hard way to make an easy dollar," said one fighter not long ago. In the late afternoon of his career as a fighter, Randolph Sandy offers a balanced view of his own 13 years: "Fighting done a lot for me even though I haven't always been treated fair. I have the home, a wife and two children. Fighting made me a better fellow than I would have been."

END





Anyone visiting Newport from now till late September might well assume that this ancient Rhode Island town had never lost its position as queen of American resorts. The harbor is filled with yachts. The no-vacancy sign hangs on most lodging places, and house parties are going full blast out on Ocean Drive. The jazz festival has just left town, and Tennis Week starts on August 13, when debutantes will dance every night under striped canvas at Bailey's Beach. But the truth of the matter is that the history of Newport has been a series of highs and lows, and if it were not for the renewed series of America's Cup challenges Newport would be in a low right now.

The fine exotic trees—the weeping beeches and towering tulips—can't conceal the fact that many a Gothic Newport mansion has become a Gothic pigeon cote. And Thames Street, whose cobblestones have rattled with the commerce of shipping since 1650, is a row of vacant shops and Army-Navy stores. Even the Navy is pulling out. Goat Island in the harbor, site of the Navy's first torpedo base, is now for sale for \$35,500 to any developer willing to connect it to the mainland.

This roller-coaster status began for Newport some 300 years ago. The town was one of the early glories of colonial America, with the most prosperous and eclectic society in the New World. The Redwood Library, a neo-

classic architectural treasure, was built in 1750 and is the oldest public library in the country. The Touro Synagogue, built in 1763 and now a national shrine, is the oldest synagogue in America. Both buildings are handsome monuments to the early days of the city.

Near them, along the wharves and up the hill from Thames Street, there are more prerevolutionary buildings still standing than on any other site in the U.S., more than 300 of them: the old Colony House, Trinity Church, whole streets, like Clarke Street, of honest frame houses with Adam fanlights and millioned windows (Rochambeau slept here; rooms to let). Richly furnished 18th-century mansions—like Hunter House—are now open to the public.

## SEEING THE RACES

Though the America's Cup races against the Australian challenger beginning Sept. 15 will be spectacular to watch, the best time to see 12-meter boats in action will be during the final trials to pick the American defender. In these trials four boats—*Weatherly*, *Yerfent*, *Easterner*, and *Columbia*—will sail against one another every day except Sundays from August 15 until September 8, or until the New York Yacht Club Selection Committee makes its choice. Lodgings in and around Newport are still available for this period, but during the actual Cup races things are as tight as a tick. For the period of the trials there is no excursion sight-seeing steamer, so it is necessary to have your own boat—or a charter. Powerboats capable of doing 12 to 15 knots are recom-

mended to keep up with the fast 12-meters, and for security in the possibly rough seas nine miles past Brenton Reef Lightship your spectator boat should not be much less than 26 to 28 feet in length. Power cruisers or motor sailers that will carry 4 to 6 people range upward in price from \$350 a week (minimum rental time) without crew, up ward of \$850 with a skipper. Charter agents with a good variety of craft available are Sparkman & Stephens, 11 East 44 St., New York; Northrop & Johnson, 366 Madison Ave., New York; M. Rosenblatt & Son, 350 Broadway, New York; Norion Shipyard, 3 Swan Ave., Newport, and Captain Bud Phillips, Snell Road, Little Compton. R.I. The Newport Chamber of Commerce also has a list of skippers willing to charter.

If you are dead set on seeing the actual Cup races, and have no boat, charter or berth space already laid on, the best plan is to board one of four large excursion boats. Travel Agents Raymond & Whitcomb, 21 East 51 St., New York and 44 School St., Boston, have three 3-decker boats that can carry 350 to 500 spectators each without crowding. Two of them will leave Hammett's Wharf, Newport, at 9:30 each race day; and one will leave from New Harbor, Block Island, also at 9:30. Price is \$52.80, including tax, for the first four days, and 4-day ticket holders have options for additional race days. Single tickets are \$16.50 per day. Raymond & Whitcomb also will secure shore accommodations for passengers.

The Raymond & Whitcomb fleet will be joined by the Nan-

tucket Line's S.S. *Potomac*, a 4-decker that will carry 1,600 comfortably. Tickets are \$50, including tax, for 4 days; \$16.50 for one (write to 8 Rowe's Wharf, Boston). The *Potomac* will leave Navy Dock, Newport, at 9:10 on race days.

The wife of a race committee member advises that spectator equipment should include Benne pills, waterproof slickers, a heavy sweater and binoculars—in order of importance. And for those who like to look at boats but can't bear the thought of being on one, we suggest putting together a thermos of Martini, picking up some cold lobster at Mack's Fish House and joining the crowds of Newport residents who will be sitting on the rocks below Ocean Drive watching the parade of sails disappear over the horizon.

## EATING AND SLEEPING IN NEWPORT

In Newport, eating out is mostly a matter of steaks, chops, chicken and the good local fish and lobster. Angelo's, 5 Memorial Drive, has the best food in town. Ask for the scampi—it's not on the menu. Christie's (see map) is the yachtsman's watering trough and sculler's station. The management has stocked Swan beer and kangaroo stew for the Australians, but the Australians are eating

American steak and drinking American beer. So are the crews of the American boats, who often drop into Christie's when their 12-meter boats are being worked on at the Newport Shipyard just across the way.

The Shamrock Cliff, a red-sandstone restaurant and hotel, once the home of Broker E. F. Hutton, has a superb view of Narragansett Bay, adequate food. The White Horse Tavern

(bring your own bottle), Farewell and Marlborough Sts., makes up for the lack of a liquor license by its colonial charm—built in 1687, it is the oldest operating tavern in America. The Viking offers standard New England hotel fare and a race-week atmosphere of pure frenzy, somewhat alleviated this year by the addition of a swimming pool and a motel wing. Rates are from \$20 per double room.

The Muenchinger-King is a Victorian conglomeration favored by old ladies and race committees. Rooms are \$14 per day. The Port-O-Call, a new, small boatel, has a dock, provisions and is a fine place for yachtsmen, but is sold out till after the races. Other possibilities: Cliff Walk Manor, 82 Memorial Blvd., \$14 per double; Newport Motor Inn in nearby Middletown, \$18 per double.

During the Revolution, Newport was occupied by British and Hessian troops who, along with an epidemic of small-pox, so oppressed the citizens that many of them left town for good, and Newport went into its first decline.

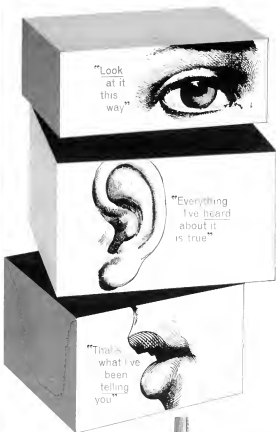
In the second half of the 19th century Newport's fortunes rose again, as the town became the summer capital of America's new society of industrial magnates. The moderating influence of the Gulf Stream made it "one coat warmer than Boston or New York," and its rock-bound promontories, cooled by Atlantic spray, were soon crowned by Gothic and Tudor piles—the most extravagant collection of private residences built anywhere since the Renaissance. The gaudiest were Commodore Vanderbilt's The Breakers, patterned on an Italian Renaissance palace, and Belcourt, O.H.P. Belmont's castle out on Bellevue Avenue.

Along with this opulence came sport. The first international polo match in America was played here in 1886. The first U.S. Open golf tournament was held in 1895 at the Newport Country Club. (It is now open to the public—greens fees \$5 on weekdays, \$7.50 on Sundays.) In 1879, James Gordon Bennett commissioned Architect Stanford White to build the Newport Casino. It is one of the finest examples of shingle architecture in America. In 1881 the first national lawn tennis singles championship was held there. It now houses the National Lawn Tennis Museum.

Income tax and the 1929 market crash—ended that gilded time. Although many of the Newport "cottages" are still splendid summer retreats (Hammer-smith Farm, for instance, home of Hugh Auchincloss, Jackie Kennedy's stepfather), no one any longer has 16 liveried servants. And while the debs and dowagers still come for Tennis Week, the tearooms-restaurant at the Casino is now decorated with bad murals of Portofino.

However, since the resumption of America's Cup racing the Newport tide is rising again and the town is taking renewed pride in both its past and its future. The Preservation Society is campaigning for a million-dollar bond issue to save and restore 100 of the finest colonial buildings in town. And the city plans to tear down the rundown shops on Thames Street and turn its rickety waterfront into an esplanade with marinas lit for a port which, every other June, is the starting point of the Bermuda race and which becomes the world capital of yachting in an America's Cup summer.

END



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STEPPING BRISKLY TOWARD YONKERS FINISH LINE, A.C.'S VIKING AND DRIVER SANDERS RUSSELL EASILY BEAT SPRITE RODNEY

## The Preacher and the Viking

**With a big win in the Yonkers Futurity, an old man and a young trotter move boldly to the front in the race for trotting's Triple Crown**

**F**rom weeks from now, a field of 15 to 20 trotters will take to the hard mile track at Du Quoin, Ill., to compete in harness racing's most important event, The Hambletonian. The top drivers—the Sunprons, the Millers, the Ervins, the O'Briens—will be there with good horses, just as they always are. But for only the second time in 37 years, an elderly fellow called The Preacher is going to be in The Hambletonian too, and The Preacher has the horse to beat.

The Preacher is Sanders Russell, a man who says he is 62 but his 62 may be like Archie Moore's 43. For years Russell has been one of the most esteemed of all drivers and trainers, though not one of the sport's biggest winners. Last week he drove a beautifully behaved colt named A.C.'s Viking to victory in the \$105,423 Yonkers Futurity, winning the first leg of trotting's Triple Crown. Only one horse, Scott Frost, and only one

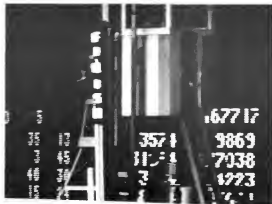
man, Joe O'Brien, have ever been able to complete this Triple Crown. Now The Preacher and the Viking have a chance of becoming the second.

It was the betters lining the rails at the night harness carrouseks who named Russell "The Preacher." They gave him the name because of the way he sits solemnly upright in his sulky, occasionally taking off his driving helmet to reveal his silver hair, and constantly fidgeting with his steel-rimmed glasses. To the people closest to harness racing, however, he is known as Mr. Russell because he is kind and fatherly, because he has long been a spokesman for the drivers' causes in the constantly occurring arguments with racetrack managements, and finally because you don't address a 62-year-old gentleman by his nickname, even if it is The Preacher.

Ever since driving in his first race in 1915, Sanders Russell has wanted a

champion trotter. He has had many bad ones, quite a few mediocre ones and even an occasional good one. But after winning the Futurity last week he considered carefully for a minute and then said, "This is the finest trotter that I have ever had. He did what I asked him when I asked him. There is nothing more you can ask of one."

The victory of A.C.'s Viking was the first major stake race success for Russell since 1947, when he drove Chestertown in the \$40,000 Nassau Trot at Roosevelt Raceway, a two-mile event long since discontinued. "The Yonkers," he said, "is the biggest money race that I have ever been fortunate enough to win. All my life I have tried to treat every horse the same, but I confess I love this colt very much. He is a natural trotter, and I would be dishonest if I did not say that I prefer a good trotter to a good pacer. For any man who trains or drives harness horses there is one race that he wants to win. The Hambletonian. I have never had a horse as good as this one coming up to The Hambletonian. He has no fancy diet, he can't jump through hoops



or smoke cigarettes. He is just a horse. But he sure can move."

Before taking A. C.'s Viking to the post in the Futurity, Russell had analyzed what might happen, and he was absolutely ready. "I figure," he had said, "that Joe O'Brien will probably try to get to the lead with Safe Mission. Gallant Hanover has the inside post position and Joe has No. 2. Gallant Hanover normally doesn't start too well and there is a good chance that Joe will get that

lead. My horse can race good if he can get tucked in right behind the leader, but I have to come out of post position 6, and I would have to be awfully lucky to get into that second spot early in the race. I've got to try to outrot Safe Mission and get the lead right away. With these tight turns at Yonkers, being in front is a distinct advantage."

On race night Russell walked calmly into the paddock area, dressed neatly in his brown silks with white stripes. Whenever anyone would say "Good luck, Mr. Russell," he would carefully remove his gray driving glove, shake the friendly hand firmly and say, "Thank you." Then he took A. C.'s Viking out on the track.

From the start, Russell's race strategy proved sound. Joe O'Brien did try to send Safe Mission to the front, but A. C.'s Viking got there first. Thereafter Safe Mission had nothing but trouble, and when Rooney Hanover made a bad break in front of him, O'Brien could never recover.

As the field of nine reached the mile Sanders Russell had a length lead, and even though Sprite Rodney closed well in the final sixteenth she never menaced A. C.'s Viking. While the margin of victory for Russell and the Viking was only three-quarters of a length, they had

traveled the last sixteenth in 7<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> one of the faster final sixteenths in the history of the Yonkers Futurity.

After the race was over Russell was bombarded with best wishes from his better-known juniors. Joe O'Brien and Johnny Simpson came up to him and said, "Congratulations, Mr. Russell." It was all rather formal, quite fitting for a preacher.

Before the field gets to this year's Hambletonian, however, Sanders Russell may be given some uneasy moments by the very same people. Safe Mission, the leading money winner among 2-year-olds, with earnings of \$72,211, but a disappointment since, is rounding into shape again. The colt has been bothered by brittle hoof walls; Joe O'Brien has to change the horse's shoes from bar plates to open-faced plates before every race. O'Brien is a genius with sore-footed horses—a Dr. Scholl of the equine world—and Safe Mission will almost surely be ready for The Hambletonian. Anyone who has followed O'Brien's training patterns with Hambletonian or Little Brown Jug candidates knows that his horses consistently go to the post as firm and as fine as plucked straws.

Nor will Safe Mission be the only problem for Russell and A. C.'s Viking. Impish, that mischievous filly (SI Oct. 23), is still around. Although she suffered a cut leg last week she should return to form, and there is no forgetting her 1:58<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> mile of last season. If she can come close to that this year, she may be unbeatable. "If you can find one fault with Impish," says Johnny Simpson, "you have to say it is that most of her races have been against fillies. When it comes to The Hambletonian it takes a *terrific* filly to win. Some people say that it is not as difficult for a filly to win among trotters as among Thoroughbreds, but I'll say this, a filly has to be quite a girl to win The Hambletonian."

Within the next few weeks other Hambletonian candidates will be getting set in major prep races around the country, and their names will become more and more prominent. But as of now, the man with the horse that is the readiest is the old Preacher.

END



RUSSELL HOLDS HIS HAMBO HORSE



*Knowing a  
small rule can  
be a great  
help*

A thorough knowledge of golf rules can be of great help to you, because there are times when a regulation that seems to restrict the player actually aids him. An example is Paragraph 22-2c of *The Rules of Golf*, which concerns dropping or placing the ball after a free or penalty lift. It is a rule that comes up frequently in tournament play, and I have benefited by it more than once since joining the pro tour. The rule reads:

"If a dropped ball rolls out of bounds, into a hazard or more than two club-lengths from the point of dropping, it may be re-dropped, without penalty. If the configuration of the ground makes it impossible to prevent the ball from so rolling, it may be placed at the point of dropping."

The rule clearly states that if the ball rolls into one of the three situations you are allowed to redrop it without penalty, but it implies something equally as important. If the ball rolls into a more favorable spot (provided it does not end up any nearer the hole), you are also allowed to play it from there.

Here is an example from my recent competitive experience to illustrate what I mean. During the third round of this year's Crosby I was playing the Pebble Beach course and at the 5th hole, a 160-yard par 3, I embedded my tee shot in the dirt alongside a sand trap fronting the green. From this spot, even if the ball had not been embedded, I would have had an extremely delicate pitch over the trap. But under a PGA tournament ruling I was allowed a free drop because the ball was embedded. Since the ground sloped to the left, when I dropped the ball it rolled away from the trap—but not nearer the hole—and left me with an easy shot. Thanks to Rule 22-2c, I was allowed to play the ball from this spot and chipped it up close for my par.





## Right time to get desperate

**A** few years ago the team-of-four event was the big noise of each of the national bridge tournaments. The team championship is still the most important, but it is no longer restricted to a team "of four." Nowadays, with larger fields and the new double-elimination rule, the event has become a much longer grind. Most teams take advantage of the new regulation allowing a fifth and even a sixth member. These alternates can give weary teammates a chance to rest.

Last year, however, both the national knockout team events were won by four-man units that successfully performed as rowmen. When it came time to defend their Vanderbilt Cup championship in Lexington, Ky., this spring, the team of Eric Murray, Charles Coon, Robert Jordan and Arthur Robinson elected to reinforce their squad, choosing the young West Coast pair of Edwin Kantar and Marshall Miles. Result: they were eliminated early, bench strength and all. That could be one reason why the Kantar-Miles pair will have only two teammates—Leonard Harmon of New York and Ivar Ståkgold of Chicago—when they defend their Masters Knockout Team title in the Summer Nationals in Minneapolis next week.

A four-man team may, in the long run, prove best, because a surprising amount of understanding is needed, not only between partners but between pairs. Each pair should have confidence that the other half will be performing well at the other table. When this is the case, a pair having a none-too-encouraging score can bide their time until very late in what appears to be a losing match; then, if they resort to a desperate gamble, the whole team will understand that the risk was necessary. Andy Gaborlovitch saved a match and the Spingold Masters Knockout Team title in just such a situation last year in the hand at right.

Why did Gaborlovitch double five hearts? His team had gone into the second half of this match 26 International Match Points behind and had picked up little since. It was late in the game, so the usually conservative Gaborlovitch doubled purely to create a big point swing one way or the other.

At the other table, the opening bid of four spades by the opponents had been doubled by North and passed by South, with Kantar and Miles collecting a 500-point penalty. This could have been more than offset had South made his contract of five hearts. But the double completely misled South as to the opponents' distribution.

Dummy ruffed the opening spade lead. Declarer cashed

two top clubs, South discarding a spade, and led a third club, ruffed by South and overruffed with West's queen. West returned a spade, and dummy's 7 was overruffed by East's 9. Back came a high club, ruffed by declarer. Of course, West couldn't overruff with the 2 of hearts so he discarded his lone diamond. Declarer was convinced by the double that East surely must have begun with three trumps, for the earlier bidding indicated trump strength was about all East could have, so South tried to reach dummy with a diamond lead. West ruffed, gave his partner an overruff of dummy with another spade lead and declarer still had to give up a trick to East's king of diamonds.

The double caused a line of play that led North-South to disaster. The hand was down 300, a total swing of 1,300 on the deal, worth 17 IMPs. The Gaborlovitch team took this match by 13 IMPs to stay in the tournament—and eventually won it.

Both sides vulnerable  
West deals

WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
WEST PASS PASS PASS	NORTH 4 N.T. PASS PASS	EAST PASS PASS OBL.	SOUTH 5♥ PASS

Opening lead: ace of spades

## Owls in the gantries



**Down at Cape Canaveral small birds with feathers get almost as much attention as the moon rockets**

Seventy-two members of the Indian River Audubon Society, meeting in the Presbyterian Church of Rockledge, Fla., were listening to a bird talk by a guest speaker when a deep, rumbling sound rolled in through the windows. "Rocket!" yelled a man in the back row. Moving with the unison of a flock of starlings, the entire audience dashed out of the church and stood gazing skyward as a great rocket roared up from Cape Canaveral, across the way. The bewildered speaker waited silently on the plat-

form until the rocket climbed out of sight, and the audience trooped back in for the rest of the lecture.

This dash for the door is standard procedure for the bird watchers of Canaveral, who refer to their rocket gazing as "illegitimate bird watching" and spend almost as much time at it as they do in watching real birds.

Oddly enough, the double interest is shared by the men who work on the rockets across the way. Recently the space probes announced plans to make 26,000 acres of the 77,000 being added to the base for Nova, the moon shoot project, into an official bird refuge—a buffer zone between the biggest of all launching pads and the populated area

that extends along the coast to the west.

This benevolence toward birds on the part of the Air Force and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration has been demonstrated on numerous occasions. Once, for instance, a black-bird was found to have built her nest in the fourth level of a Titan gantry. Instead of simply tossing her out, the engineers delicately moved the nest to a safe place, where the mother bird continued to rear her brood long after the launch.

On another occasion, at T-minus-90 minutes in the countdown of the first Saturn space rocket launching, Security Police Sergeants Carl Schneider and Melvin Kelly drove around the pad with their sirens at full blast. Their objective was to

score away 21 roseate spoonbills which were feeding in a lagoon at the base of the rocket. The high command was astonished at the plaudits from the public when the word spread via the newspapers that the birds had been spared from being fired in the blast-off.

Thoughtful though they may be, the men bent on reaching the moon are not always completely happy with the local birdlife. They hate to have owls in their ganttries, especially when the owls leave portions of field mice lying on the beams. Nor were the missile men delighted when a pelican showed up on a radar screen and almost delayed a rocket shoot. But they are considerate people, and their hearts were heavy when a Blue Scout Junior rocket took off with a Florida scrub jay perched on the nose cone.

Hearts were even heavier when a red-bellied woodpecker pecked a hole in the umbilical cable of a Thor-Able-Star rocket and began building a nest three weeks before blast-off time. Neither the noise of horns and bells nor, when non-violence failed, attempted electrocution could turn the bird from its household tasks. Finally, the engineers placed a high-pressure air bottle under the nest and started a countdown. At zero, while all personnel averted their eyes, a powerful blast sent the bird down range on an erratic and final flight. However, the woodpecker lives on in memory: on Canaveral's launch pads, which are decorated with the silhouettes of all the rockets sent up, his image has been drawn, too.

Part of this respect for birds is undoubtedly due to an awareness on the part of NASA that the birds were there first. Cape Canaveral and its environs comprise one of the richest bird areas in the country. Audubon societies and other groups come great distances to study the birdlife. For seven consecutive years the Indian River Audubon Society has recorded the greatest number of species in the continental Christmas Bird Count. With Allan Cruickshank, veteran birder and lecturer, in command, they set an alltime record in 1960 of 200 species seen within a circle 15 miles in diameter. Last year, when 191 species were recorded, they saw 77,670 birds in the one-day survey.

Like the other birders, the Cruickshanks were at first dismayed when they learned that the bulk of Merritt Island, lying northwest of Cape Canaveral, was to be used for the Nova project. They had worked many years to get the marshland there protected, and a campaign was well

under way to have the area taken over by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service as a bird refuge. Then they learned that the area would become part of the space program. "We were afraid that NASA might go in there and dig canals and fill in the rest of it, which would completely destroy it for conservation purposes," said Jack Salmela, a bird lover who also is entrusted by the county with keeping down the mosquitoes around Canaveral. But their fears turned to joy when they learned recently that base officials and representatives of the district Fish and Wildlife office in Atlanta had started discussions to make the buffer zone a protected area.

Air Force Colonel Cole Houck, Deputy Chief of Staff, Civil Engineering, explained that the launching pads for the giant Saturn rockets will be next to the beach. From five to 10 miles back of them will be industrial areas for shops and other base installations. Behind these will be flooded areas constituting the combined buffer zone, mosquito control project and bird refuge.

Public access to the area will not be permitted, nor will NASA and the Air Force allow it to become a private hunting ground for Cape Canaveral personnel. "However," said Colonel Houck, "when we get together with the Department of the Interior and establish this as a permanent bird refuge we will be giving the people a good deal more than we have taken away."

END



## Which tire has the TOPPER?



Both look like high-styled expensive tires... yet one is a regular blackwall tire with Port-A-Wall Topper, the attachable sidewall. Hard to tell the difference... in looks, yes... but not in price, you save many dollars by adding Port-A-Wall Topper instead of buying whitewalls. (The tire on the left is the one with the Topper.) Whether you are converting blackwalls or matching tires, adding Port-A-Wall Topper, the narrow-look black and white sidewall, will save money. Insist on genuine Port-A-Wall Topper... Bearfoot's registered trademark for highest quality attachable sidewalls... guaranteed white for the life of the tire.



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*Rolfe Reynen of Devils Lake, N.Dak. sings loud and clear as he helps to keep the party lively on the special railroad car taking a delegation 400 miles to the ball game. Fans came by train, bus, car and plane from all over the Northwest and parts of Canada to see the hot Minnesota Twins take on Roger Maris and Mickey Mantle and the rest of the hated New York Yankees*

## Aboard That Minnesota Cannonball

by GERALD HOLLAND

Some nights Calvin R. Griffith, proprietor of the Minnesota Twins, must wake up shouting.

"Bunte, Billings and Blooming Prairie! Coon Rapids, Circle Pines, Grey Eagle and Owatonna! Devils Lake, Fargo, Sauk Center and Bismarck! Come one, come all! Minnesota, Montana, Iowa, Wisconsin, North Dakota, South Dakota, Michigan! Send us your delegations and see your home town's name flashed on that big scoreboard! Manitoba, Ontario and Saskatchewan—there are still choice seats available!"

Admittedly, that's a pretty long shout, but if Mr. Griffith is subject to such pleasant nightmares nobody deserves them more. For one thing, Mr. Griffith must have had many a horrible dream when he was operating the old Washington Senators (born again as the Twins) in a ramshackle ball

*continued*



## Cutup Gravy McPhail shows how he'll net foul balls

### Minnesota Fans *continued*

park that sometimes, with the team deep in eighth place, had difficulty drawing fans across the street. Now, thanks to a team that is very much in contention and thanks, too, to intensive off-season promotion work, Mr. Griffith recently had the pleasure of seeing Metropolitan Stadium in the Minneapolis suburb of Bloomington jammed to capacity with people from seven states and three Canadian

provinces. It was a three-game series—with the Yankees, naturally.

One group of 110 traveled 1,100 miles from Butte, Mont. on a Milwaukee Road special train that made stops at 21 other Montana towns and five Dakota towns. The delegations throughout the vast area were sponsored by Lions Clubs, the Shrimers, the Boy Scouts and Cub Scouts, busi-

ness firms and radio stations. St. Mary's Church in Forman, N. Dak. sent its altar boys by special bus. Some smaller groups came by chartered plane and private railroad coaches—all contributing in their fashion to the purse and peace of mind of Calvin G.

The excitement that preceded the departure for Minneapolis and the Big Yankee series could be observed in the thriving North Dakota town of Devils Lake (pop. about 7,000). There were two groups going from Devils Lake. One of about 30 fans, all Shriners, was headed up by Russ Dushinske, the editor of the daily *Journal*. The other, numbering almost 50, was organized by Paul Lange, the commercial manager, and Bert Wick, the owner, of radio station KDLR—which will sell you a spot announcement for as little as \$3.50 and send it booming over the Devils Lake listening area with a 250-watt wallop. The Shriners were going to make the 400-odd-mile trip by chartered bus. The KDLR crowd was driving from New Rockford to catch a special car on the Great Northern Railway's *Western Star*, a main-liner from Seattle.

Spirits ran high in Devils Lake for a week before the big day of the takeoff. But it should be remembered that Devils Lake has other reasons to feel good this summer. The local drinking water, which had been so unpalatable that citizens were importing bottled water, is now being supplied through a new pipeline and is no longer productive of grave gastrointestinal disturbances. Moreover, early summer rains have assured the farmers of a bumper crop of durum wheat, on which the town's economy depends entirely. Durum wheat doesn't go into government storage but commands premium prices from spaghetti and macaroni manufacturers. A good wheat crop around Devils Lake means that the 20-odd saloons will thrive all winter, that the Haugner boys, Bill and Dick, will move a lot of television and hi-fi sets and that their brother Mag, who works at Shark's clothing store, will sell a lot of suits and overcoats. It means that everybody will be able to pay his annual \$80 dues at the country club. It means, too, that Dawson's Lounge, a family-type nightclub, will continue to import "name entertainers" from Chicago and Milwaukee; that the Ranch, a superior steak house, will prosper along with The Duke and The Duchess, nightclub and bowling emporium respectively, and Ye Did Tavern where David (Gravy) McPhail, the comical bartender, keeps the patrons in stitches with remarks that he makes up on the spur of the moment. Gravy was a member of the KDLR delegation and planned to wear his umpire's cap (he officiates at amateur and semipro baseball games in Devils Lake and nearby towns) all the way to Minneapolis and throughout his stay there.

Everywhere in town the talk was of the approaching baseball pilgrimage. On a street corner under the big electric sign of the Otter Tail Power Company, a pair of buxom

matrons discussed the impending event in accents that were derived from German and Norwegian ancestries (these are the two predominant strains in Devils Lake) and, on the whole, they registered strong approval.

"Ja," said one, "it does the boys good to get away from the wives once in a while."

"Oh, ja," said the other. "And what is the harm? Maybe a few little beers and staying up singing songs after the ball game, but it's all just fun, you know?"

"Ja," said the first matron, "but still it takes a lot out. Not enough sleep and eating hot dogs only?"

"Ja," said the other, "but it's for three days. What harm?"

"No," conceded the first woman, "but is a strain. Like my Otto and me, we took this auto trip. We drove 1,700 miles. We don't eat right. We don't sleep right. You know what? Me, I lost 12 pounds!"

"Ja," the other woman nodded, "so what harm? You are a big woman. You could afford."

Meanwhile, Paul Lange, the leader of the radio station group, had his hands full. He had to prepare kits for every member of the party. The kits contained the tickets for the game, a list of the people who would be going (so there would be no trouble remembering names like Balzer Kurtz, Gerald Jorgenson, Rollie Reynen, Leo Janowski, Adolph Feldner and so forth) and a mimeographed sheet with the lyrics of songs to be sung en route. These included *On a Sunday Afternoon, Down by the Old Mill Stream, Shine On Harvest Moon, My Melancholy Baby* and *Du, Du, Liegst Mir im Herzen*.

Paul Lange set one night aside, three days before take-off, for the preparation of sandwiches. With the help of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Wick, Paul's wife Lois, their three children and the baby sitter, Sandy Ludahl, 240 roast beef, ham, tuna and egg salad sandwiches were made, wrapped and put in the freezer. Paul had already arranged for just a little more beer than he thought would be required (on the last trip the party ran out of beer 100 miles out of Devils Lake) and some new pails to hold ice for those who preferred mixed drinks.

Downtown, along the main street, the tempo was stepping up. Al Dawson, the proprietor of Dawson's family-type cocktail lounge, was bating his customers by wearing a Yankee cap and flaunting a Yankee pennant. Of course, he had quite a few Yankee fans on his side (Roger Maris is a Fargo, N. Dak. boy), but the majority were true to the Twins and some bets were made. Miss Marti Fiske, the name act of the week, got into the spirit of things. She varied her routine of songs and comedy patter by playing *Take Me Out to the Ball Game* on the piano, while a hunch of the fellows who were making the trip got up and did a snake dance around the tables.

A traveling man, passing through town, joined in the dance although nobody invited him. Then he asked Marti Fiske, who is an attractive blonde from Fort Lauderdale,

continued

Flia., to repeat some of the comedy patter she had used on the late show the night before. "You know," he said, "like your definition of a bachelor, he's a fellow comes to work from a different direction every morning?"

"I have cut out that part of my routine," said Miss Marti coolly. "It is not suitable for a family-type cocktail lounge and, besides, I desire to put more emphasis on my singing and piano playing."

"Oh," said the salesman, "I surely do beg your pardon."

"Granted," said Miss Friske, going into a reprise of *Take Me Out to the Ball Game*.

Meanwhile, out at the bar, men were getting acquainted, for the party would include not only the Devils Lakers but others from the towns of Cando, Minnawaukan, Lakota, Petersburg and Munich. The introductory form called upon a man to "shake hands with" Lars or Victor or Adolph, as the case might be, and the response was a ways a "Howdy." Finally, when everybody knew everybody else, Gravy McPhail said, "Well, now that we've been all howled and shook, let's have a drink."

The plan was for both the Shriners' crowd and the radio station delegation to assemble on the day of departure at the Mayer Hotel at 6 a.m. The Mayer Café moved back its opening to 5 o'clock to accommodate these who would want breakfast, and the overflow was handled by the Happy Hour restaurant down the street. Quite a few of the wives were on hand to drive their husbands to New Rockford to catch the *Western Star*. There were some jokes made about husbands cutting up away from home, and one wife said, "Oh, not my Harry. He's the kind of husband a wife never worries about." "Ho, ho," scoffed Rollie Reynon, who is the local man for the Great Northern Railway. "They're the worst kind!"

Everybody was in high good humor. Harry Kosieracki had brought along a fishing net to catch foul balls. Balzer Kurtz showed up wearing a baseball uniform and announced he was going to keep it on all through the trip. He lost his nerve before the party took off and changed into slacks and a sport shirt. Gravy McPhail wore his umpire's cap and gave a sidewalk demonstration of how he calls "stri-i-i-ke" with a thrust of the arm and the kick of a leg. "I give the crowd showmanship," said Gravy. One fellow said Gravy was the best umpire in North Dakota and he just wondered why he hadn't concentrated on it and gone on up to the big leagues. "Oh," said Gravy, "I'm good, but I'm not that good."

Everything went on schedule. The Shriners got off on the dot, and the radio station people were at New Rockford in good time for the *Western Star*. Once aboard the train, Paul Lange broke out the beer and the ice, and pretty soon the special car was ringing out with songs from the mimeographed sheets. One fellow wept over the lyrics to *I Want a Girl Just like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad* and another got misty-eyed as he sang a solo version of *I Only*

*Want a Buddy, Not a Sweetheart* that ended with the lines

*Don't stroll down lover's lane,  
Just keep right on a-sayin',  
I only want a buddy, not a girl!*

It somehow seemed an appropriate theme for husbands on a holiday, and a cheer went up for the soloist, who dissolved into tears at the tribute and was inconsolable until somebody brought him a fresh can of beer (460 cans were consumed during the seven-hour train ride). As the singing continued, there was a violent reaction against buddy songs by another fellow who got up and shouted: "Hey, gang, I know a hot spot in Minneapolis where they have dancing every night and don't admit anybody under 29 years of age!"

"Oh," cried Gravy McPhail, "that must be a lonely hearts club!"

"Well, so what?" retorted the other fellow. "Show me a man away from home in a big city who ain't lonely?"

Between songs, baseball debates went on all over the car. John Jensen went around getting up jackpots on the total number of runs to be scored in the series. There were admiring sentiments expressed in favor of Sam Mele, the Twin manager, and Rich Rollins, Camilo Pascual and Harmon Killebrew. Most of the travelers were personally acquainted with Roger Maris' father, who works for the Great Northern Railway in Fargo. Many of them remembered Roger himself as a basketball player around the Fargo-Moorhead and Devils Lake area. Al Dawson stared things up by printing a card and hanging it over his seat. It read "Yankee Dugout." He was roundly booed. By this time everybody was getting hungry and Paul Lange started passing out sandwiches and potato chips. The sandwiches had thawed out fine.

The *Western Star* pulled into Minneapolis on time, and as the Devils Lake crowd rode to Hotel Maryland by special bus the chimes atop the Northwestern Bank building were playing *That Old Gang of Mine*. There was time for naps before the night game started, but the gang was too wound up for that and there was some horseplay in front of the hotel as one of the Devils Lakers—a bachelor, of course—starting chasing girls with the big fishnet that had been brought along to catch foul balls. The girls took it as good fun and allowed themselves to be netted. A few fellows went on up to their rooms for a short snooze, and one of them (he was the fellow who knew about the hotspot catering to folks over 29) slept right through the ball game and the lonely hearts dance as well. When he finally did awaken, he swore off drinking for the balance of the trip and didn't miss a play during the second and third games of the series.

About a fourth of the Devils Lake delegation had never seen a big league ball game. The first game was just about as big league as you can get. For one thing, Metropolitan Stadium was a complete sellout—without even standing



room available. During batting practice the big scoreboard began flashing "Twins O Grams," and among the first was HELLO, DEVILS LAKE. There was a big cheer from the Devils Lakers, but Leo Janowski from the nearby town of Munch protested, "How about a hello for Munch?" Paul Lange explained that Munch was part of the Devils Lake setup, and if the scoreboard said hello to Munch it would have to say hello to Petersburg, Lakota, Cando and Minnewakan as well. By that time, the scoreboard was flashing WELCOME, BUTTE AND BILLINGS, and that ended the discussion.

As the first game began, everybody was tensed up. But nobody was prepared for the thrill—in the very first inning of the series—of seeing Roger Maris hit a home run and Mickey Mantle follow with another one to send the Yankees off to a 4-0 lead. The reaction in the Devils Lake section to the second of the back-to-back four-baggers was a kind of stunned silence at first. Then Yankee and Twin fans alike went crazy. Some of the Munch fellows were angry,

though. They complained that people coming down the aisles had blocked their view of the Roger Maris homer. Leo Janowski yelled to Paul Lange, "How about making reservations right now for next year so we can get some decent seats without the view being cut off by people in the aisles?" Another fellow yelled to the late arrivals, "Down in front once! You'd make a better door than a window!"

As the series progressed (the Yankees took all three games and dumped the Twins into third place), even those who had never seen a big league game before became outspoken critics. Ed Bottolfoon, 64-year-old Devils Laker, a semipro player in his youth, said that modern baseball is just a game of cheap home runs and sensational catches in the outfield. "Heck," he said, "anyone could catch a fly ball one-handed with those basket-size gloves they use. We had gloves about half that size in my day, and the ball wasn't so lively that every Tom, Dick and Harry could hit it over the fence."

Balzer Kurtz said he had no complaints: he had won the

*continued*



Yankee minority group digs in for a long train ride

\$50 jackpot for total runs scored. Bert Wick said, "Well, we got HELLO DEVILS LAKE on the scoreboard three times. That ought to give the folks back home a big kick." Leo Janowski said, "How about a big kick for Munich next year, huh?" Paul Lange said maybe this could be arranged and added that, all in all, it had been a wonderful excursion and a good time had been had by all.

This certainly included the Twins' management. The total attendance of 120,956 for the series was a new rec-

ord since the club had been moved from Washington. It would not have been anything near that figure without the special parties coming in from towns like Devils Lake (and Munich). They'll probably come again next summer, and it won't matter too much where the Twins are in the standings. For there is more to a baseball pilgrimage than ball games and battles for first place. There's the beer and the singing and the good fellowship—and, for the foreseeable future, more pleasant dreams for Calvin R. Griffith. **END**



Devils Lake rates a big hello from the Twins' scoreboard

# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

**BOATING: FALCON II** at 45 feet took home building at 25-year-old dealer, industrialist and former Olympic coach Daniel 1991, Clark Jockey, beat a 194-hour shot at the 25th Port Huenan in Mexico, much to the delight and surprise of all on board who had crossed the race 19 times with no previous hint of success.

**BOATING—CASSIN CLAY**, the Connorside slugged, took his usual Barcelona precision before a light with Alghero's kayaker in Los Angeles, called for a horn in the fifth round as his wind, called for a horn with a 4:10 rating of 10-1 and right.

**GOLF—GARY PLAYER**, the compact South African was a taking for health funds, triumphantly held on a slim lead through the final holes of the 572-90 P.A. Championship in New South Wales, the 1991 winner the first foreigner to win the title since 1947. (See page 15)

**HARNESS RACING: A C's VIKING** (15:10) broke, stepped out in front of a field of nine to win the \$100,000 Yonkers Park first race in 1991. Yonkers Park, Crown All handled by veteran Kandas Russell, the 19-year-old has led consistently through most of the mile and a half, winning a half-mile record time of 2:10.4 5 (see page 42).

**HORSE RACING—DE PLUM** (1:50.20) took his lead from the gate and held it all the way to win the \$100,000 Grand National in the track record time of 2:08 for the race and a quarter. Second, handled by Bill Boland, the 3-year-old went in his length ahead of Garsiel, with Poldy third. Garsiel and Carly, Buck Forty, Carr, Buck, called for \$3,400 for his finish, which boosted him past Citation to third place in the ranks of the world's top horses. Yonkers Park, Crown All handled by veteran Kandas Russell, the 19-year-old has led consistently through most of the mile and a half, winning a half-mile record time of 2:10.4 5 (see page 42).

**HOY** (15:10) ridden by Herbert Henson, proved to be the standard bearer for the 1991 Grand National in the \$100,000 Grand National. Henson, at Aqueduct, D. Lee, won 1991, when he won in four years, carried a victory five and a half lengths on the respectable time of 1:54.3. The favorite, Star Man, was on track for most of the race, but closed the gap to half a length at the wire.

**MOTOR SPORTS—JIM CLARK** led all the way in the British Grand Prix in Austria, England. The 29-year-old Scottish driver finished a lap in 1:04.22, with 225 miles at a distance of 25 miles. Clark is one year behind Graham Hill in the record in the world driving title. Phil Hill's retirement forced, the only one entered by the famous Italian team, Ferrari, and left a victory in a 1991. The favorite, Star Man, was on track for most of the race, but closed the gap to half a length at the wire.

**BOWLING: ST. CATHERINE'S** (10:10) sport a 1991.1 United States Boat Club of Philadelphia in the 1991-92 season in the National Championship in Philadelphia. Bowing through a 1991.1 season, the Canadian crew swept the 2,000-meter course in 6:22. A half length ahead of Vespa. The Detroit Boat Club's victory in the 1991.1 season with a crew not only St. Catherine's 1991.1.

**TENNIS: DONNA FLOYD**, 28, from Arlington, Va., claimed national collegiate honors, followed by a career at the U.S. Open, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 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## **BASEBALL'S WEEK**

by **FRANK DEFORD**

### **AMERICAN LEAGUE**

No longer with us anymore, sports fans, is the Great American League Pennant Race of 1962. Last week New York stopped losing and started the wildest runaway in the league since, oh, September 1961. So winning were the Yankee ways that Minnesota, which won all six of its games, wound up losing ground. The Twins were tough because Harmon Killebrew (.474, 3 HRs, 14 RBIs) and Bob Allison (3 HRs, 11 RBIs) were hitting. Once they both smashed grand slams in the same inning, and nobody ever did that before. The Twins moved to third in the sledd of the vanishing Indians, who started losing on Friday the 17th and, with an 8.22 ERA for the week, couldn't stop. To make matters worse, the home-boom Cleveland scoreboard went off to herald a rare Indian homer, and a pugon was killed by the explosion. Ornithologists will also note that the Orioles won five in a row. Manager Billy Hitchcock said he could detect an "atmosphere in the dugout that we're going to win," whereupon Baltimore lost three of its next four. Kansas City, battling to get out of ninth place, held the first of its "Salute to the American League" nights. Detroit promptly saluted the A's. After having hit .119 in seven straight losses, the Tigers arrived in KC and scored two wins, 8 HRs and 17 runs. Boston almost reached .500, then slumped with a 1-5 mark. Chicago wasn't much better, with a 2-4 despite Juan Pizarro's two-hitter. Ken McBride of Los Angeles had two shutouts, giving him 10 straight wins. Washington got beautiful pitching (2.35 ERA for the week) to win five quick ones in a row. Don Rudolph's win took an hour and 32 minutes, the average game time was a mere 2:12. That's nothing new for the Senators, who have played 42 games this year in two hours or less.

### **NATIONAL LEAGUE**

Things were so good for Philadelphia that Manager Gene Mauch left the dugout for the third base coaching box, the better to send his men home against the Houston Colt .45s. The Phils beat the Colts four straight, have now won all 12 games against Houston. General Manager Paul Richards was anxiously scanning the .45s' farm system for more hitters, but nothing much helped. Dick Farrell even admitted that he tossed a spitter—a sweat ball, technically—to Stan Musial, but The Man lined it on for a single. "I can't even get you out on an illegal pitch," Farrell growled. St. Louis got a third straight three-batter right-handed throw Gibson but still slipped to



**GOOD**



**GREAT!**



## THE DIFFERENCE IN FLAVOR IS MYERS!

What's the best-known, best-liked rum cooler? Planters' Punch—traditionally made with Myers. To make: 1 tsp. sugar, juice ½ lemon, 2 oz. Myers Rum, dash Angostura, dash grenadine. Shake with ice, add soda to taste in tall glass. Magnificent—thanks to the flavor-magic of Myers!

### THE FLAVOR OF ADVENTURE!

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**SUDDEN STARS** were Bob Bolin of Giants, who won two in now 5-0 since June 27, Senators Renee Daniels, who shut out Chicago.

fifth Chicago lost six of seven with inept fielding. The league statistics show the Cubs fourth in fielding, but not included in such statistics are the 70 battery errors that the club has made. Three passed balls in one inning cost them a game this week. Pittsburgh was still a winner (5-2), and the New York Mets were still losers (another six in a row). Even when the Mets managed eight earned runs off Bob Bolin of San Francisco, they lost 9-8. Even with the powerful Giants backing him, Bolin can't expect to win that way too often. It is much easier to win by pitching five innings of shutout relief—which he did later in the week. Milwaukee played evenly, winning every other game, but the fans went berserk. They threw a beer can and a tirecracker from the upper deck, somebody stole part of Manager Birdie Tebbets' prized bat collection and a young boy interfered with a fly ball to cost Frank Bolling an extra-base hit. In Cincinnati a literary antic named Frank Howard went after Author-Pitcher Jan Brogan with a bat. The pitchers' Peeps had written some uncomplimentary things about Howard, and Brogan's pitching prose suffered as a result when Howard homered off him to give Los Angeles a big extra-inning win. Howard slugged four homers during the week. Tommy Davis ran his RBI total to 100 and Don Drysdale acquired his 17th win. For the Dodgers, however, the magic number is six—that's how many weeks it may be before the injured Sandy Koufax will be able to take his regular turn in the pitching rotation.

#### THE SEASON (through July 21)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (AL)	Pennells, Bos. 328	Vanderer, Minn. 202
Driving (NL)	1. Taver, LA 244	Liles, Husk. 208
Home run	Wagner, LA 17	Fox, Chi. 1
At bats (AL)	(1 per 15 AB)	(216 AB)
Runs scored	Mays, SF 27	Lilly, Minn. 0
Errors (NL)	(1 per 14 AB)	(214 AB)
Pitching (AL)	Forsyth, Minn. 14.5	Schwab, Bos. 4.1
Pitching (NL)	Drysdale, LA 37.4	Craig, LA 5.4
ERA (AL)	Agnew, Det. 2.38	Walker, KC 5.75
ERA (NL)	Rodriguez, LA 2.15	Reck, NY 5.57
Complete games (AL)	Forsyth, Minn. 13	Brewster, LA 9
Strikeouts	(214 strikeouts)	(14 strikeouts)
Team ERA (AL)	Drysdale, LA 13	Brewer, Minn. 0
Team ERA (NL)	Mohr, Phil. 13	(7 strikeouts)
Team ERA (AL)	New York 4.2	Chicago 16
Team ERA (NL)	San Francisco 120	Pittsburgh 71
Team ERA (AL)	Minnesota 417	Washington 322
Team ERA (NL)	San Francisco 158	New York 31
Team ERA (AL)	Washington 57	New York 27
Team ERA (NL)	Los Angeles 58	Houston 25



**GOOD**



**GREAT!**



## THE DIFFERENCE IN FLAVOR IS MYERS!

Here's a glorious and glamorous way to begin a meal, with Grapefruit à la Myers. To prepare, simply splash a dash of Myers onto each grapefruit half. For added zest: brown rum-faced grapefruit halves under broiler. Grapefruit au Rhum...ah, delightful! Thanks to the flavor-magic of Myers!

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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## SUBSTANDARD LARD

Sirs:

President John F. Kennedy's article (*The Paper We Need*, July 16) gives to the public a sound, fundamental program for development of good, rugged individuals of all ages.

DAVID D. SPIELMAN

Bethlehem, Pa.

Sirs:

The standards Bud Wilkinson sets forth for physical fitness are nearly as shameful as the prevalent substandard body conditions he complains about. Three pull-ups are considered passing for 17-year-old boys. Fourteen sit-ups are supposedly sufficient for the same age. Four squat-thrusts set the standard also. These weak criteria are for barrel-bellied old folks, not young men.

At age 17 I was capable of at least eight pull-ups, 100 sit-ups, and six or seven squat-thrusts in 10 seconds; so was over half of my high school class. And it need not be said that this was without intensive training—just normal fitness.

EVAN Y. SEMERIAN

Belmont, Mass.

Sirs:

Let no parent or school board be daunted into believing that pull-ups, sit-ups and squat-thrusts will produce physically educated youth. We have a nutrition problem along with our exercise problem. The lard of our affluency will have to be melted off before we can do much for the muscles.

ANNE F. MILLAN

Worcester, Mass.

Sirs:

With the right kind of direction, the kids themselves will be only too willing to sell the idea of fitness to their schoolmates.

REV. ROLLAND L. SEAR, C.S.C.  
Notre Dame, Ind.

## POWER IN THE WIND

Sirs:

In regard to Arthur Zich's recent critical article on the Miami-Nassau powerboat race (*Blowin' Nose for a Boat Race*, May 14), I thought you might be interested to know what we are doing to improve this race.

Race Chairman Red Crise called a group of us together on July 7 to discuss rules for ocean powerboat racing. When you sit down and try to devise an intelligent set of specifications governing the eligibility of various types of boats for participation in this type

of racing, the problem becomes complex to the point where solution by this route seems virtually impossible. The objective is to bar freaks that could only win in calm weather, but when you start writing definitions the task becomes hopeless. We finally hit upon a solution that was embraced enthusiastically by all hands and will bring the race back to what it was designed to be—"the most rugged ocean powerboat race in the world." It was decided that unless the anemometer on the weather bureau in Miami at 7 a.m. the morning of the race was reading 10 knots or better, the race would not be started. Ten knots of wind is enough to kick up a good sea in the Gulf Stream and the chances are, if it is blowing 10 at 7 o'clock in the morning, it will breeze up plenty as the day progresses. Of course, the race will be postponed if small-craft warnings are flying.

This rule emphasizes the objective of this race—a test of boats, power and equipment in rough water. And the beauty of this rule is that the sea and not man is the judge.

RICHARD BERTRAM

Miami

## ANOTHER LOOK AT LUCAS

Sirs:

Mother Lucas' protestations on behalf of son Jerry (Pitts Holt, July 16) have an even more hollow ring in view of the latest manipulations, which landed Jerry, by his own consent, in the National Basketball Association, but not with the Cincinnati team. The real issue stands out boldly: Jerry Lucas would not play with Cincinnati under any circumstances.

This is certainly Jerry's prerogative and perhaps a very understandable one. Surely we would like to have had him, but in the final analysis Oscar Robertson will always be Cincinnati's first basketball love. We will welcome the opportunity to see Oscar and Jerry in competition with each other, and I think I speak for 99% of the Cincinnati fans when I say, "No hard feelings, Jerry. Good luck in your career."

A. E. HENDERSON

Cincinnati

## PUTTING IS FOR THE BIRDS

Sirs:

*Lockstep and Cage Cages* by Don Jenkins (July 16) is, in my opinion, the best light humor on a serious subject (and if you play golf you know just how serious putting is) in years. The depth of his insight into the problem suggests his personal experience as

a cage caver at one time or another, but his range of humor, anecdotes and tact writing style get my appreciation and admiration.

ENSGN R. E. MOULTON, USCG

Seattle

Sirs:

Dan Jenkins has made a major psychiatric contribution to millions of long-suffering putters.

A case in point is an old friend of mine who had a habit of backing away—the same distance as the length of the putt—while his putt was en route to the cup. He was cured of this strange affliction only when, after stroking a 20-foot putt and promptly going into the backup act, he wound up in a yawning sand trap with a broken collarbone. Now, at least he faces his putting problem on the right direction.

WADE H. RAMBEY

El Centro, Calif.

## REVENGE IN MOSCOW

Sirs:

Regarding your article, *The River Run Red* (July 16) You stated that the Russians defeated a University of Washington crew in 1958, and now another University of Washington crew was trying to "avenge" that 1958 defeat.

The truth is that the 1958 defeat at Henley, England by the Russians was avenged by that same University of Washington crew, just two weeks later, when they trounced that same Russian crew, plus four other Russian crews in a regatta in Moscow.

CHUCK ALM

San Francisco

● Reader Alm, captain and No. 5 oar on the 1958 Washington crew, is right. The Huskies outrowed the Russians by one and a half lengths at Moscow in 1958, a quarter length more than the Russians gained on them at Henley—E.D.

## THE MAN

Sirs:

I have noticed considerable correspondence in your 19th Hole column concerning *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* 1964 Man of the Year [Jerry Lucas]. I thought, therefore, you might be interested in a letter about an earlier Man that helps to confirm your good judgment in making these selections. I am referring to 1937's Sportsman of the Year Stan Musial.

Back in 1960, when I was in Korea, our unit received a batch of old magazines, one

continued

# IS YOUR CHILD GETTING 15 MINUTES OF ORGANIZED ACTIVITY



# EVERY DAY AT SCHOOL?

You may think so. But you could be mistaken. The truth is that in many schools, vigorous physical education activities that develop strength, flexibility, agility and endurance are not scheduled as an integral part of the daily program.

And this is one reason why the physical fitness of our children has declined. In fact, recent pilot studies showed that almost half of the youngsters tested proved to be physically under par. Isn't this reason enough for more emphasis on an organized program of physical education?

Fortunately, a program has been developed that will get your child in better shape. It is a minimum program, and

it can be carried out in any school—at very little cost and with a minimum of time.

All it takes is 15 minutes of vigorous activity every day during the physical education period. In schools that have adopted such a daily program, boys and girls have shown a remarkable improvement in their physical status.

Certainly, you want your child to develop his body as well as his mind. So, why not find out about the present physical education program in your child's school?

Take it up at your next PTA meeting. Insist that a full 15 minutes every day is spent in vigorous, body-building activities as part of a scheduled program.

The President's Council on Youth Fitness



# DESENEX!

*compounded with undecylenic acid, a standard  
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used by the U.S. ARMY!*



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## 19TH HOLE

of which contained a picture of Stan surrounded by eight small cardinal birds. Our unit had with us at that time a Korean refugee who claimed some talent as an artist. I asked him to reproduce Stan's picture in oils. He did so, and the painting now hangs in the room of my 6-year-old son, whose respect for Stan Musial reflects my own.

Last week, on the night before the All-Star Game, when Musial was in Washington, I called him, as a perfect stranger, from my home in Virginia to tell him about the painting and about our admiration for him. Mrs. Musial answered the phone and, after asking my name, put Stan on. I told him my story and that I had always hoped



THE MAN AND THE BOY

someday to have the honor of taking a picture of him with my son Hal. Right away, Stan asked us both to come over to the stadium before the game and to ask the groundskeeper to take us to him. This we did and the accompanying picture was the result.

Although he is one of the greatest players in the history of baseball, Stan Musial's modesty was such that I became almost ashamed of my own forwardness. He left an impression on my son that I know will last through his life.

With all due respect to the many exciting things that happened during that All-Star Game of 1962, Stan Musial's simple kindness toward two strangers seemed to me the greatest play of the day. It was unknown to the thousands present, but for at least one father and son it explained why they call him The Man.

EUGENE H. BREITENBERG  
Captain, USA

Springfield, Va.



## YESTERDAY

# Bad Day for Babe Ruth

by WALLY PIPP

It began in a New York City jail and ended with no hits in a crucial baseball game

At 3:30 p.m. on June 8, 1923, some 20,000 people were at New York's Polo Grounds to see the Yankees play the league-leading world champion Cleveland Indians. The day before, the Yankees had taken the first game of the series, and another win would bring them within half a game of first place. But as the home team ran on the field and faced the flag for the national anthem, the fans looked in vain for the Yankee hero. Nine miles south, at 300 Mulberry Street, George Herman Ruth was sitting in a cell in a New York City jail.

That morning a maroon sports car had been caught exceeding the speed limit on Riverside Drive and, for the second time in as many months, Babe Ruth had been escorted to traffic court. The only protest he offered involved his identity; the arresting policeman thought he was kidding when he had given his name. The magistrate fined the Babe \$100, which he promptly paid with a single bill, and sentenced him to a day in jail.

Ruth's first concern was not for his sentence but for the possibility of missing

continued



THE BABE ALWAYS DROVE FAST CARS

"Louis XIV?"



"No, I like  
Henry in the VIII"

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PENNSYLVANIA

## Bad Day for Babe *continued*

the game at the Polo Grounds. He faced a \$500 cut in salary each time he missed a ball game, whereas he stood to receive that much as a bonus for each home run he hit.

Fortunately for Ruth and the Yankees, a day in the city's jail ended at 4 o'clock rather than at midnight, allowing the one-day prisoners the benefit of the discrepancy between the solar and the penitential day.

Ruth's timing at Mulberry Street was just as crucial as it normally would be at the plate or in the outfield of a ball park. He arranged to have his uniform brought down to him, and he put it on in the cell, covering it with the dove-colored cutaway suit he had been wearing. He planned to shed the latter in his car, which was parked at the jail's basement exit. To a fellow cellmate Ruth explained, "I'm going to run to get to the game. Keeping you late like this makes a speeder of you."

### The curious gathered

As word of Ruth's jail sentence spread, a crowd gathered on Mulberry Street, hoping for a glimpse of the great slugger. A lone photographer perched on the fire escape of a building across the street from Ruth's cell, trying to snap a collector's stem of the Babe behind bars. The curious, numbering nearly 1,000 by four o'clock, lined the hallways and the street outside police headquarters. But the only autograph Babe Ruth is known to have signed that day remains in the files of New York's Traffic Court. It was his thumbprint.

At Ruth's hour of release the crowds were cleared from the building and police escorted him to the basement. Preceded by a motorcycle escort, he sped uptown. A close observer claimed that he made the nine-mile trip to the ball park in 18 minutes flat. If so, he was traveling four miles per hour faster than he had been when he was arrested that morning.

Ruth arrived at the Polo Grounds in time to bat in the sixth inning, and his appearance through the gate in deep center field evoked a standing ovation from the crowd. The Yankees were trailing the Indians 3-2. The Babe's performance at the plate was an anticlimax: he walked once and was thrown out at first. But his presence must have sparked his teammates as well as his fans. The Yankees rallied in the ninth inning and won the game 4-3.

END



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